

FRONTISPIECE



Wale delin

Boyce sculp

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EXPLANATION of the FRONTISPIECE.

A Temple decorated with the emblems of Love: A lusty young friar, conducted by Cupid, leading a decrepid old woman up to the altar, who there offers her crutch, and, in exchange, receives from Venus the cestus of beauty.—Behind four young Loves, bearing a thunder-bolt, a trident, the three-headed-dog Cerberus, and a young child; to denote the four parts of the universe, heaven, hell, earth, and sea, now subjected to the power of Love.

Examination of the Photograph



T H E
W O R L D

LOST and REGAINED by R

L O V E.

A N
ALLEGORICAL TALE.

To which is added,

IPHIS AND AMARANTA,

O R,

CUPID REVENGED.



D U B L I N:

Printed for S. SMITH, at Mr. G. FAULKNER'S
in *Essex-Street*, M.DCC.LX.

THE

W O R L D

Post and Navigation

L O V E

ALPHABETICAL TABLE



CUTTING REVISED

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Printed by J. G. & Co. 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.



THE

PREFACE.

I Ought, perhaps, in order to have given this little piece more weight and consequence, to have deduced it from an antient origin; since by a kind of infatuation, which is not to be accounted for, and which our understandings condemn, we set very little value on the productions of our own times, and have a profound veneration for whatever carries the stamp of antiquity.

The author will doubtless then stand condemned for his want of skill and judgment, in not having attributed his poem to some lettered Greek, Arabian, or Persian ; which might easily have been done by only changing the modern names that occur in the course of the work.

I am ready to acknowledge, that it would have been a considerable addition to its merit, had it been found by chance in a corner of the library of some curious antiquarian, among a parcel of old manuscripts in the oriental language, which had the good fortune to escape the general devastation, which the literary world underwent from the irruption of the barbarous nations.

It might then have been honoured with a noble pedigree, founded upon conjectures and probabilities : which

in

in these affairs, are always admitted as equivalent to truths, especially when you come to trace them near their source.

The translator on his side would have been sure to tell the public, that he had been particularly careful, in preserving all the beauties of the original in his translation, so far as the idioms of the two languages would possibly admit.

Your connoisseurs, and people of nice taste in these matters, would immediately have discovered in this little piece the true style of antiquity; and, according to custom, have expressed their concern, that this distinguished mark, this particular manner, this bold colouring of the antients was entirely lost among us, moderns. In a little time it would have been set up as a model in its kind, and then
its

its fortune would doubtless have been made at once.

This would certainly have been the most glorious circumstance that could have attended a work ; but mine was not made for such greatness ; an event that happened in our own time gave birth to it ; it is neither translated from the Arabic, or Greek language, but lately planned and wrote in the vulgar tongue of the country where it makes its appearance.

‘ Oh horrid ! ’ methinks I hear some of your virtuosi cry out, ‘ a work planned and wrote in our own country ! why can any one that has the least concern for his reputation, think of reading it ?—If it had the sanction only of two or three centuries (and what antiquity is that for a book) one might bear to turn it over to read a page or two perhaps,—but

‘ a work that still smells of the press !
 ‘ —Insufferable ! there is no bearing
 ‘ it near one ! and it would be still
 ‘ worse, if its author was living.’

‘ Why really gentlemen, the au-
 ‘ thor is living ; he is upon my word,
 ‘ and, what is more, is not at all anxi-
 ‘ ous to procure his book the advan-
 ‘ tage that would accrue to it from
 ‘ his being dead.’

‘ Hey ! what !—the author living,
 ‘ and we read his book ?—worse and
 ‘ worse ! there is no bearing this ; we
 ‘ must really wait till the author is
 ‘ dead, Sir, before we can think so
 ‘ much as of looking upon his title
 ‘ page.’

‘ Indeed in your little novels and
 ‘ romances the thing is not of such
 ‘ consequence. One may even be ac-
 ‘ quainted with the authors. We dine
 ‘ almost every day in company with
 ‘ some

‘ some one or other of them, and
 ‘ give the rest wherewithall to get
 ‘ them a dinner. By this means we
 ‘ acquire a privilege of diverting our-
 ‘ selves, when we please, at the ex-
 ‘ pence of the author, and his book,
 ‘ without pretending to be in the least
 ‘ acquainted with the rules of com-
 ‘ position. Study is a fatiguing thing,
 ‘ and serves for nothing but to fill one’s
 ‘ head with doubts. In these affairs we
 ‘ act upon an instinctive principle of
 ‘ taste that never fails us ; an author
 ‘ must hit this if he is desirous to please,
 ‘ otherwise, he may assure himself, our
 ‘ catcalls are always ready for him.’

‘ We good natured creatures, who
 ‘ set up for the standard of polite taste,
 ‘ seldom let a morning pass without
 ‘ reading over some new pamphlet,
 ‘ while the valet is dressing our hair ;
 ‘ and very frequently the author is
 ‘ waiting in another room, impatient

‘ to know the fate of his piece from
 ‘ the judgment we form of it.

‘ It is not requisite to gain our ap-
 ‘ probation, that the author writes in
 ‘ a noble style, at once plain and in-
 ‘ telligible ; that his work throughout
 ‘ contains a useful moral ; that his cha-
 ‘ racters all think and act consistently ;
 ‘ and that the whole is interspersed
 ‘ with the most judicious reflections ; or
 ‘ lastly, that he has with equal force
 ‘ of colouring, painted the beauties of
 ‘ virtue, and the deformity of vice :
 ‘ all this passes with us for mere pe-
 ‘ dantism ; and are we not in the
 ‘ right, pray, when we have laid it
 ‘ down as a rule, than an author
 ‘ should write with no other view, but
 ‘ to amuse his readers ?

‘ But if an author gives us a natu-
 ‘ ral and lively description of a petit

' maitre, with his fashionable air sim-
 ' pering, smiling, and abounding in
 ' smart repartees ; if he has carefully
 ' avoided clogging his work with the
 ' lumber of reasoning ; and endea-
 ' vours wholly to amuse, and not in-
 ' struct. If a taste for trifling runs
 ' through the whole of his performance,
 ' and that pretty nothingness, which
 ' so much delights the delicate ear, or
 ' especially if he strikes out some-
 ' thing new in this way : oh ! then
 ' we are in raptures ! transported
 ' out of our wits, we hug the dear
 ' book, we double down a leaf where
 ' it most charms us, and then away
 ' we hurry to the toilette of some
 ' fashionable lady——Dear Madam,
 ' here is something new, beautiful,
 ' divine : ah ! there is no reading it,

' it

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 ing
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 let,

' it, must be devoured ! see ! there's
 ' a passage—We shew the leaf doubled
 ' down—the passage is read :—No
 ' body understands it ; so much the
 ' better, but every one is in raptures
 ' with the prettiness of the thought.—
 ' The whole book is in the same taste
 ' say we.—The author is a Phoenix,
 ' and his book an invaluable treasure.
 ' This is the first copy that has yet
 ' appeared ; therefore we may this ve-
 ' ry afternoon take the honour of a
 ' thousand expressions, and witty turns,
 ' that have never yet been heard of,
 ' Ah, what a pleasure it is to talk in
 ' a style unlike every body else ! '

All this is very well, people may
 amuse themselves in this manner,
 without running the risque of mak-
 ing themselves ridiculous. They may
 even make the fortune of a pamph-
 let, whether it be good or bad ; all

this depends upon fancy, and the particular favour or dislike they have to the author.

But with respect to poetical productions, as it has passed into an axiom, that none but the antients knew any thing of the matter, no work of that kind will now go down, unless the author's epitaph is somewhere to be seen engraved in Gothic characters; and even *Henriade* itself has not been able to withstand this arbitrary decision.

A man would be laughed at for a fool now a-days, who should pretend to assert, that any but the antients were capable of making the gods act and dispute in their works, or have found out business for to carry a mortal to hell, and from thence transport him to the palace of Neptune, to describe battles properly, or to give their
 heroes

heroes sentiments worthy of admiration. What author but the divine Homer could ever have thought of making Achilles run pouting into a corner, while all the other Grecian chiefs were spilling their blood in the common cause?—But if the pouting of Achilles is heroic, the cause of it is doubtless much more so—It is no less than a quarrel between Agamemnon and him, about a captive girl, a wench which they had both a mind to. Now what more important consideration could have been devised for setting these two great men at variance: the one of them, the leader of the army; and the other, a hero on whose single prowess depended the success of the whole enterprize. But then when they come to dispute with each other in the presence of the chiefs of the army, with how much dignity of expression they

they abuse each other!—What noble language passes from the one to the other!—These, these are some of those happy strokes, that we at present have lost all conception of.

In short, a modern must never expect to succeed in this species of writing: this is a settled point. But he has still one resource left, which if he or his bookseller have any brains, they will improve to their advantage. Let them give their book an air of antiquity. This will cost them very little pains; for example,

The author shall very gravely tell us in his preface, in what manner he came by this manuscript; and whether it be Greek, Persian, or Arabic, it is no matter, let him say he is the translator, though he does not understand a line in either of those languages: he must next tell the public that he has
done,

done it a singular service, in sacrificing his health and time to the rendering this work as perfect as possible, and he must give a natural and easy turn to all this, such as the public never fails to be the dupe of in every new publication. This is the true method of procuring fame and reputation to a work.

Well Gentlemen! this being the case, I am afraid my poor little piece that has scarcely seen three moons, will stand but a scurvy chance for making its fortune; however I am prepared for the worst, and so am very easy about it. I have never been puffed up with extravagant or ambitious notions, about the fate of the poor brat. I never intended it as a thing to be set up for admiration, but should have thought myself very happy if it served as the means of passing away an idle hour; and what-

whatever treatment it may meet with in the world, it will give me no more concern, than what I heard said about the Countess of Montglass, whose parent I likewise am.

Yes, Gentlemen, I am the person you have so often puzzled yourselves to find out, while I was every day in the midst of you. I have had the pleasure to hear you give that little story to many different persons, who have all of them with great reason disowned it. You have even applied to myself, to help you to find out the Brittany gentleman, I named the first that came into my head, and when my conjectures did not happen to please you, you set about new discoveries yourselves; as if the author of that book had been really worth all that trouble. I then used to leave you ready to burst with laughing, and flew to the arms
of

of a beautiful woman, with whom alone I had deposited the secret, to thank her a thousand times for having been so true to her trust.

The same faithful friend has seen this piece, and has even furnished me with some hints which I have followed with the deference justly due to one of her wit and taste ; I must confess that I have left some passages standing, where the strength of the colouring had given a little offence to her modesty, but I thought them absolutely essential to the subject. I expect to be reproached by her for it ; but she will nevertheless prove as faithful to her trust as before ; and we shall both have once more the pleasure of seeing my offspring fathered upon many, who will with reason disown it ; some, because it is unworthy their talents ; and others, who will in all probability

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ty be the loudest to complain of the injury done them; that might perhaps be hard put to it to do better.

I shall put an end to this tedious preface, when I have, in order to quiet the curious, assured them that the scene of this little piece is laid in a place very remote from that in which it really passed; that the whole is purely the work of my own imagination, and that there is nothing of truth in it, but the circumstance of an old woman's being run away with by a monk or a dervise, no matter which. But there are so many monks, dervises, and old women in the world, that I have not the least apprehension of seeing my Leander and Melissa discovered under the fictitious names which conceal them.

4 AP 64

T H E



THE
WORLD
LOST and REGAINED
BY
LOVE.

CANTO I.



THE Gods and Goddeses had
just risen from a council, at
which the fate of the universe
had been decided, when Ve-
nus quitted the celestial man-
sions to come and reside
amongst mortals, to whom she has always
shewn a tender preference. She was borne
on a shining cloud, which, in its course,
B was

was taken by the inhabitants of this globe for a comet. This cloud traversed all the nations of the universe, (Venus being willing to take a review of them after having been so long absent) and at length settled on Paphos, where the Goddess had a temple.

But what was her surprize and grief, at her arrival, to find herself received with coolness. She no longer observed that rapturous joy which her presence was wont to inspire. The inhabitants no longer crouded forth to meet her. The fields lay waste, and the flocks of the shepherds and shepherdesses were no more seen intermingled with each other. No more was heard the sound of the rustic pipe and flagellet, but a dead silence spread an air of solitude and melancholy over the island, unknown to the regions inhabited by the God of Love.

The Goddess had, indeed, remarked a coldness in all the nations she had passed through; at which, all immortal as she was, she could not help feeling a sensible uneasiness.

Her priestesses, struck with fear, dared not to approach her; and no one appeared at her court except her own nymphs, and the Graces, who never quit her presence.

Her concern at this alteration did not, however, prevent her from repairing to her temple, where she seated herself in the sanctuary

tuary to receive the prayers addressed to her at her shrine; and to make it the first act of her return to bestow happiness on the hearts of a nation so beloved and cherished by her.

I happened to be alone at the foot of her altar. I intreated her to give me the heart of Aminta. 'What art thou dreaming of,' replied the Goddess; 'Thou dost not know Aminta, she is haughty and full of herself. Vanity alone will make her desirous of a number of admirers. She requires slaves and not lovers. She merits not thy love. Give thy heart to Daphne, she will make thy happiness, and thou her's.' 'Ah,' interrupted I, 'I die, Goddess, I die; unless I am beloved by Aminta.' 'How fatal is thy passion,' replied the Goddess, 'there are some hearts so formed, that I can have no power over them. Aminta will never love.' 'It is done then,' said I, Goddess; 'I go to death, happy, even in being permitted to die for Aminta.'

Cytherea looked on my unhappy flame as a fatal omen. She quitted the temple more sorrowful than ever, and I retired into the thickest part of a neighbouring grove, where I spent the night, wholly taken up with my despair, and in a full resolution to put a speedy end to my wretched days,

I did not once close my eyes, but remained in that state of insensibility which

is ever occasioned by excessive grief, and which divests us of the power of observing or distinguishing objects: when a child of a most enchanting beauty appeared before me, surrounded with a blaze of light. 'Think not of dying,' said he to me, in a voice more soft and melodious than the sounds which come from the flute of the God Pan. 'The destinies had concealed future events from Venus, when she spoke to thee. The God of Love shall work a miracle that will change the face of the universe, and give a new heart to Aminta.'

The beauteous child disappeared after uttering these words, and left the grove perfumed with an ambrosial odour, that made me for a moment imagine myself on Olympus in the midst of the Gods. I would willingly have stopped this lovely child. I imagined him to be Cupid, but can Cupid, said I to myself, know what is hidden from his mother? No, no, it must be a deity more powerful than love. And, yet said I again, it can be no other than love, by the exquisite pleasure with which his words and presence inspired me.

I arose full of pleasing hopes, and resolved to attend closely on Venus, that I might be a witness to the miracle that was to procure my happiness.

I im-

I immediately repaired to the place where the Goddess holds her court, when she is not in her sanctuary deciding the fate of mortals. I found her under a portico of an octogon figure, in form of a canopy, supported by eight diamond pillars; the cornice and freeze of this portico were of emeralds inlaid with rubies, which formed a variety of figures representing the amours of the Gods, and the several emblems of the power of Love. On the angles of the chapter of each pillar, were flaming hearts: joined together by one dart, which transfixed them both. The top of the portico which was a flat vault, was a curious Mosaic work of jasper, agate, onyx, cornelians, turquoises and sapphires; and the middle was adorned with paintings, that could be the work of a divine hand alone; on the one side was seen Hercules spinning at Omphale's feet; on the other, the different shapes that love caused the father of the Gods to wear, for the sake of enjoying the fair mortals whom he admired. There was likewise the judgment of the Phrygian shepherd, who conferred the prize of beauty on Venus.

Around this portico ran a parterre adorned with a thousand different beautiful flowers, on which the biting colds of winter have no power. This parterre is bounded by canals in large marble beds filled with a

water as clear as chrystal, which make an island of this delightful spot. A little skiff of azure and gold lies ready for those who chuse to transport themselves thither ; but woe to those who presume to enter this boat without being possessed of the qualifications required by the God of Love. Such who profess a flame they do not feel ; who are led by a sordid desire of gain ; who endeavour to impose upon the Deity, or make his sacred rites subservient to their vanity, must not think to attempt the passage with impunity.

When Venus takes her pleasure in this island, she permits all her votaries without distinction to accompany her ; but as this place is a kind of sanctuary, whither she retires to taste the purest pleasures, she will admit none but true adorers. Aminta would have perished in the passage. I attempted it, though with diffidence and dread, and happily reached the shore.

I found the Goddess seated on a couch of moss and flowers, one hand supported her head, while the other was employed in feeding a number of swans, whiter than the snow, who had left the canals to come and pay their homage to her. The Graces had just done dressing her ; one was disposing her lovely locks into the most elegant ringlets, another was braiding them with flowers, while a third was fastening on her cestus,

cestus, which my eager eyes tore a thousand times asunder, to feast in imagination on the beauties it concealed. Her nymphs were washing her feet with perfumed waters; but the smiles and dancing pleasures kept a profound silence, the cause of which I soon discovered in the melancholy and dejected air of the Goddess herself: her fine eyes had lost their fires; an air of absence and negligence reigned throughout her person and behaviour. But every thing sits well upon beauty; and the Goddess appeared to me more lovely for her sorrow. I saw a swan hold one of her charming fingers in his beak and press it amorously, then he let it go, and then again he seized it, pressing it closer and closer, and looking at her all the while with the most passionate air. He then quitted the finger to take possession of her hand; which he would have devoured whole, but finding that impossible, he returned to the finger, which he could more conveniently enjoy entire. Venus suffered this for a considerable time, without seeming to perceive it.

Her sorrow communicated itself to all around her. I felt my heart sink within me, at seeing the Goddess suffer; I thought I should have died, but it was the death of pleasure, so passionately tender was the sentiment.

Aurora was now rising, and came to paint herself at Venus' cheeks; the birds began their amorous concert, the opening flowers unveiled their beauties to the glorious planet from whom they receive their variegated lustre; Each lovely shepherdess had shaken of the fetters of sleep, and was plaiting her tresses, while her fond shepherd was culling a nosegay to present to the fair object of his wishes, as a tender pledge of his warm passion: In a word, all nature put on a smiling aspect, that added to the joy of happy hearts, and soothed the miseries of others. When, on a sudden we beheld the God of Love quit the bright empyrean, hang a while suspended in the air, admiring the gold and azure plumage of his wings, and then dart into the bosom of his fair mother, whom he loaded with caresses. She pushed him from her with an angry air. 'What ails you, mamma,' cries the little God! 'What occasions those tears which I see falling from your lovely eyes; those eyes which I so much delight to gaze on each returning morn, and from whence I gather the divine fire with which I inflame all nature. Alas! what will become of me,' continued the beauteous boy, 'if you reject my fond caresses, and refuse me yours? I have no power without you; from your kisses alone I receive that stock of inebriating pleasure which I afterwards

' afterwards dispense to mortals. It is on
 ' that bosom and those cheeks that I gather
 ' the lillies with which I deck the young
 ' Aminta, and the roses with which I spread
 ' her lovely face when she hears my name
 ' pronounced, or experiences the soft efforts
 ' I make to get possession of her heart. O
 ' Venus! my dearest mother! rob me not
 ' of all my power, by taking from me your
 ' favour.'

Venus still continuing to weep, Love
 would have wiped the tears from her eyes
 with the golden fringes of his wings, but
 pushing him from her again, ' Of what ser-
 ' vice to me,' replied the Goddess, ' is your
 ' power? my temples are become desolate,
 ' and I have almost forgotten the smell of
 ' incense, so long is it since any has been
 ' burnt upon my altars. You employ your
 ' whole time,' continued she, ' in shooting
 ' at marks, disputing the prize of swiftness
 ' with my swans, or idly playing with my
 ' nymphs, instead of thinking to preserve
 ' your sovereignty over the world, which
 ' the Gods have given you for your king-
 ' dom.'

' When you come and play in my bosom,
 ' smother me with kisses, steal from me my
 ' garter, touch my lips with the points of
 ' your arrows, to make them, as you say,
 ' do the greater execution; or settle in one
 ' of my locks to put it out of curl, that I

' may look more lovely by that little dis-
 ' order; you think I have no cause of com-
 ' plaint. When you have been thwarting
 ' the Graces, and contradicting them, even
 ' so far as to tell them that they have no
 ' power without you, when the truth is,
 ' you are indebted to them for your's; or
 ' when you have been asked by the father
 ' of the Gods for your fires, and have given
 ' them to him, you think you have gained
 ' a great conquest; not perceiving that, to
 ' your eternal disgrace, he only makes use
 ' of them to increase his passion for his
 ' Ganymede, while all Olympus makes a
 ' jest of you. In short, you boast your won-
 ' derful prowess when returning from the
 ' chace, you tell us how you have emptied
 ' your quiver on young hearts, that needed
 ' only to have an idea of you, and catch
 ' the flame. These you think are wonder-
 ' ful exploits; but you are mistaken, child,
 ' these are not exploits worthy of you, and
 ' your power is every day sinking more
 ' and more into contempt.'

' Remember, how Cephisa, finding you
 ' asleep in the Idalian grove, had the auda-
 ' ciousness to clip your wings, and deal
 ' about herself those darts, that ought to
 ' be sent only from your hands. When you
 ' awoke, you had no resource left but in
 ' your tears. How shameful, that a mor-
 ' tal should draw tears from the God of
 ' Love!

' Love! But what would have become of
 ' you, had not Jupiter sent a cloud to
 ' bring you hither? And what a pretty
 ' condition was you in when you made
 ' your appearance? Cold and almost motionless, what an example would you
 ' have been for lovers, whom you yourself
 ' so often reproach for the same defect.
 ' Had I not in pity restored you to life by
 ' warming you in my bosom, and breathing
 ' new spirits into you with my kisses, you
 ' must have remained an object of derision
 ' to the whole round of creation. All nature
 ' would have grown as languid as
 ' yourself, and the annihilation of human
 ' kind would have been the consequence of
 ' your's.

' The rash Cephisa has doubtless made
 ' your defeat public, how could she forbear
 ' boasting of having disarmed him who
 ' held the world in chains, and had always
 ' been looked upon as the principal and
 ' acting power of nature.

' This was sufficient to render your yoke
 ' contemptible; and your rivals, Momus,
 ' Bacchus and Diana, did not fail to make
 ' a proper advantage of it. How many
 ' times have I cautioned you to avoid falling
 ' into their snares. You know they
 ' have always been your sworn enemies,
 ' and have sought every opportunity to do
 ' you a mischief; now they have gotten
 ' one,

‘ one, accordingly no pleasures are stirring
 ‘ at present, but those of play, the bottle
 ‘ and the chase. Bacchus does indeed now
 ‘ and then appear at your rites, but you
 ‘ know what has been more than once the
 ‘ consequence of permitting him to make
 ‘ too long a stay. As for Momus, you have
 ‘ never once aimed a single shaft at his
 ‘ breast, or at least you have not been able
 ‘ to hit the mark. And is not the exulting
 ‘ pride of Diana, think you, all your own
 ‘ work? Why do you suffer Endymion to
 ‘ sleep for ever?

‘ Go to Cythera, Amatontes, or Cnidos,
 ‘ or look even on this place, where my
 ‘ presence ought to give joy and life to all,
 ‘ and put every thing in motion; go thro’
 ‘ the sacred groves that surround my tem-
 ‘ ples, and see if you can discover one sin-
 ‘ gle footstep of pleasure. Behold this ver-
 ‘ dant carpet, which was wont to be pressed
 ‘ with the numberless feet of those who
 ‘ came to sacrifice under the shade of these
 ‘ sacred myrtles. It is now scarcely to be
 ‘ known for the same. In the room of a
 ‘ downy moss, which served as a voluptu-
 ‘ ous couch for the wanton pleasures to re-
 ‘ pose their love-wearied limbs upon; now
 ‘ it is overspread with grass and weeds, that
 ‘ grow amidst the solitude and desolateness
 ‘ of the place, and hang their feeble heads
 ‘ half withered and decayed.

‘ The

‘ The ecchoes with which these groves
 ‘ resounded, and which I had placed there
 ‘ to repeat to me the vows breathed by hap-
 ‘ py lovers, have now no longer any gentle
 ‘ sigh to waft to my ears, but droop in
 ‘ gloomy silence, and have quite forgotten
 ‘ the language of Love. The country
 ‘ round is a desert. No happy shepherd is
 ‘ now heard singing his tender passion to
 ‘ his melodious flute. My trees, are all
 ‘ overgrown with a thick bark, which has
 ‘ quite obliterated every trace of the amo-
 ‘ rous cyphers that were formerly engraven
 ‘ on them. Not the name of a single lover
 ‘ is to be distinguished now. They are all
 ‘ effaced, my son, and time has with them
 ‘ effaced every mark of your power. Love
 ‘ is no more heard of among mortals, and,
 ‘ had I not the art to retain Mars still in
 ‘ my chains, your name and mine would
 ‘ have been forgotten in Olympus; for
 ‘ neither you nor I had any hand in that
 ‘ shameful union between Jupiter and
 ‘ Ganymede; a union so opposite to my
 ‘ service.’

The Goddess ceased when she had pro-
 nounced these words: but the heaving
 of her lovely breasts sufficiently shewed the
 grief that agitated her soul; Cupid flew to
 her swelling bosom, which he covered all
 over with his wings. Venus, who saw his
 con-

contrition, admitted of his caresses, and even prest him, in return, to her bosom, as if she meant to incorporate it with his.



C A N T O II.

ALL the time the Goddess had been speaking, tears had accompanied her words. - A turtle, that had for a long time been her favourite, and served to amuse her, unable to support the grief that it felt at seeing its divine mistress in so piteous a condition, fell dead upon her arm where it had placed itself to hear the better what she said. Venus, after she had done speaking, perceived the death of her little favourite, and was touched with a lively sense of its fidelity. She examined it carefully; gave it a thousand kisses; turned it on every side, and kissed it again; but all in vain, it remained without life and motion, its bill was half open, and as the Goddess was still weeping, a tear by chance dropt into it from her heavenly eyes, and restored the tender bird to instant life. I was a witness to this miracle, and felt my passion redouble at the sight. Ah, cried I to myself, would not a
 tear

tear from Aminta, were I so blessed to deserve one, restore me in like manner to life? Yes doubtless, it would; for she is no less lovely than Venus, and I love her more than ever Venus was beloved by her bird.

Cupid looked upon this miracle as a favourable presage of the recovery of his empire: full of the courage with which this inspired him, and touched with contrition for having merited the reproaches of his beauteous mother, he resolved to dry the tears of a parent he so tenderly loved, and to restore her worship in the world.

He was sensible that he could not hope for success but by working some prodigy, which might make his power appear with distinguished lustre. Accordingly, he goes to his magazine, selected the best of all his shafts, with which he filled his quiver, and taking wing, directs his rapid flight through the vast universe, now no longer warmed with his presence as heretofore: But calling to mind what his mother had said to him concerning Jupiter and Ganymede, he made directly for Olympus, to endeavour to reduce the fire of the Gods once more to his service.

He found him busied in examining a thunderbolt, which had just been brought him by Vulcan, and which was more dreadful and fatal than any he had hitherto made use of. Jupiter pleased with the workmanship,

ship, declared that he only waited an opportunity of trying it upon mortals.

‘ I then can furnish you with this opportunity,’ cried Love: ‘ Rebellious mortals, in contempt of your divine laws have quitted my service, though by your eternal decrees they were wholly subjected to my power. They scarcely will acknowledge me now; and my mother’s temples lie all neglected. Your own glory is concerned here, O fire of the Gods and men! You are sensible it is I who perpetuate the race of mankind, by lighting up my fires in their hearts, but, unless you compel them to submit again to my yoke, these fires will soon become extinct, and you will have only an uninhabited desert to reign over.

‘ Yourself, almighty father, whom all the other deities obey, yourself have deigned to own my power, and acknowledge my right of sovereignty over all hearts, and never was so happy, as when I have filled your divine bosom with my fires. What raptures have I not caused you to taste with Io, Semele, Leda, and Danaë? It is to me that you are indebted for all those delights: Why then have you been the first to abandon me? Why do you no longer make use of me but as an instrument to other pleasures? Alas! continued the little archer, shedding a flood of tears,
‘ alas!

‘ alas! it is to your contempt of me, that
 ‘ I owe that which I meet with among mor-
 ‘ tals, and even from the Deities them-
 ‘ selves, who now hear me: taught by your
 ‘ example, they laugh at Love and his
 ‘ power, and dare with impunity affront
 ‘ my most sacred rites, and trample under
 ‘ foot the yoke to which they once bowed
 ‘ their willing necks. Dispatch then, let me
 ‘ intreat you, dispatch your faithful mes-
 ‘ senger Mercury, to make known to men,
 ‘ that they must resume my chains, or that
 ‘ your dreadful bolts shall revenge the insult
 ‘ they offer to your commands.’

Momus, who is ever on the watch to
 throw in his jests, especially, when he can
 do it at the expence of Love, whom he has
 always defied, observed that this was a new
 way of making people love by dint of
 thunderbolts. ‘ It is certainly a very insi-
 ‘ nuating method,’ added he, ‘ and cannot
 ‘ fail of succeeding to a miracle.’ All
 Olympus laughed at this jest, nor could
 even Minerva herself, though the Goddess
 of Wisdom, keep from smiling: Jupiter,
 whom it had put into a good humour, turn-
 ed to his boy Ganymede and gave him a
 kiss; at this Love flew out of heaven in a
 rage, convinced that he had nothing left
 but to go himself and astonish mankind by
 some prodigy that should oblige them to
 acknowledge his power. He mounted on
 the

the wings of the wind, uncertain to what place he should bend his course.

In his flight he looked down on Paphos, but did not dare to alight there, having nothing to tell his mother that would comfort her. Pierced with grief, he turned away his eyes, and continued his flight more swiftly than before.

As he was passing over that city which was formerly mistress of the universe, after having triumphed over all her rivals, he found himself in a manner constrained to stop his flight, and take a view of it. Nor could he forbear calling to mind the time when he was the soul of that superb metropolis of the world. It was I, said he, that changed the fate of this city, by inflaming Tarquin's breast with the love of fair Lucretia. This great Revolution was effected only by a single drop of that insinuating and burning poison, which I instilled into the prince's heart. But let us return to times more fortunate and glorious for me. Here it was that the tender Ovid sung me, in strains of such melting elegance. It was myself who inspired that poet; and his writings, so full of voluptuous softness, have gained me as many hearts, as I ever conquered by my shafts. There is the place where stood the statue of the satyr Marsias, on whose head the tender fair-one amidst all the horrors of night went to place a chaplet

chaplet of flowers, to secure herself the fidelity of her lover. And here the soft Tibullus made those amorous verses on his fair Delia, which none can read without being inspired with love, and endeavouring to find an object for the soft passion they raise in the breast. But what do I see! added Love, the ruins of the temple consecrated to my mother, under the name of Verticordia, where Tibullus used to go to lament the loss of his Delia, and seek for death, or a change of sentiments. I remember, with pleasure, how I conducted Delia thither myself, and, in that very place, rewarded the constancy of those two lovers, with the most perfect happiness, and extatic pleasure.

But I see numberless ruins of temples erected to my mother within the vast circuit of these proud walls: and thou too famous temple of Isis, that wast destroyed by the orders of a barbarian prince; of how many amorous mysteries hast thou been the sacred deposit!

Every thing I behold here recalls to my mind that delightful period of my reign. These seven hills were then covered over with lovers. Methinks I see Terentia who kindled a flame in the heart of Augustus, and bound the master of the universe in my chains: I see his daughter too, the unhappy Julia, who was so severely punished
for

for having loved too well, and who, nevertheless, ceased not to love, but with her life. You, prudent Livia, did not indeed pay me public homage, but I have not forgotten that you subjected more than one heart to my power, by your dextrous manner of deceiving your husband. Alas, tender Emilia, how I pity your misfortunes! you merited a better fate, after having sacrificed the sacred fire committed to your charge, to that with which you burnt for the much loved Barus.

And thou, O Plancina! how well didst thou exemplify the power I have over the hearts I once take possession of! Thou wert a stranger to every sacred tie but that of love: Thou had'st given thy heart in secret to Tiberius, and thoughtst it not too much to shew thy passion for him by laying the head of Germanicus at his feet. Nor must I forget the tender Albucella, who merited my esteem and praise, for including so many lovers in her tragical end.

Here the God gave a sudden cry, ah, what do I behold! exclaimed he, this spot still tinged with the blood of Virginia, who died to preserve herself spotless for her dear Icilius, the most beloved as the most faithful of lovers! This was indeed a triumph for me, but I had rather triumph by joy and felicity, than by murder and bloodshed. Cruel Virginus! how I detest thy barba-

rous

rous virtue. Why didst thou not leave to me the care of preserving Virginia for her Icilius? I would have brought about their union. It was mine to protect them. But shall I suffer so pure a blood to remain any longer on a place, prophane as this is? No, fair shade of the most tender of my votaries.—He said; and precipitating himself on the spot where lay that precious blood, wiped it up with his wings, which remained tinged with it, and the purple hue blended with the other shades of his glorious plumage, gave them a new degree of softness and delicacy.

After having rendered these dues to the blood of the most loving and virtuous of all the Roman virgins, and receiving an additional ornament from it to himself; Cupid once more turned his eyes on that capital of the world, willing to observe the changes that had made it at present so different from itself. But he could not long support the sight. He was struck with horror at seeing his worship so profaned; shocked at the sacrileges he beheld committed, he hastened to quit a place where he was no longer known; and in an instant found himself directly over this new Athens, far more famous than the first; for the perfection to which the arts and sciences are here carried, and that friendly and social spirit, which

which draws all the nations of the earth to it as to the centre of happiness.

He gazed with admiration on a city, as wonderful for its beauty, as the vastness of its extent; and contemplated, with pleasure, the noble river which seems to divide it, only to bestow greater abundance on the parts it separates. He feasted his eyes likewise with the view of the adjacent country covered with buildings, that appear formed by the hand of taste itself, rather than by those of mortals, and shew like so many temples raised to the God of Love; who hung with pleasure over this delightful spot, to enjoy the sacrifices every where offered to him.

There he saw the husband forget all his engagements to his spouse, in the arms of a mistress; while, by an equal return, the wife sacrifices her's to the ardent passion of her youthful lover. Their charming daughter, though scarce freed from the state of childhood, given up to her own conduct, and wholly the mistress of chusing her own occupations, learns lessons of love and dalliance from the most voluptuous romances, and only waits an opportunity to put them in practice. Here, here, am I still acknowledged and known, cried Cupid in a transport of joy, and though the worship they pay me, may be intermixed with some few errors, yet the number of true believers I behold,

behold, frees me from all apprehensions of seeing my faith wholly extinguished. And, in fact, the soft Deity saw himself adored by every animate being of that faithful city, even to the finny inhabitants that swarmed in the gliding flood. Here, cried he, is a true image of the power I should exercise over all nations : my fires should consume all that inhabit the earth and waters. Happy regions, added he, where alone I am completely worshipped, why can I not unite in myself the power of all the other deities, that I might at once crown all your wishes ? But the most I can do, is to give a double relish to the joys which I procure you. So saying, he poured forth on all those who were, at that time, sacrificing to him ; a portion of pleasure which they had never before experienced, and for which they were wholly indebted to the immediate presence of the God of soft Desires. He continued hovering for a while over them, to see them enjoy his favours, and then prepared himself for pursuing his course, when he beheld Destiny cutting the air and flying towards him, whom he addressed in the following terms.

‘ All powerful Destiny, whose decrees
 ‘ are irrevocable, and who determinest by
 ‘ immutable laws, the fate of Gods and
 ‘ men, be propitious to this people, who
 ‘ have retained their fidelity to me. Make
 ‘ it

‘ it thy care to augment and secure their
 ‘ glory. It shall be mine to render their
 ‘ joys compleat and permanent.’

‘ Since you protect these people,’ replied
 Destiny, ‘ I, from this instant determine,
 ‘ by an irrevocable decree, that these hap-
 ‘ py banks shall give birth to a fair mortal,
 ‘ who shall make the happiness of Jupiter,
 ‘ and your glory. Nevertheless, son of
 ‘ Cytherea, added he, quit not your design.
 ‘ You must owe the entire subjection of
 ‘ the universe to your own pains alone.’

At these words Destiny disappeared ; and,
 Love, penetrated with a joy, which the
 Gods alone are capable of feeling, conti-
 nued his flight, till he stopt over the capital
 of that part of Gaul, formerly known by
 the name of Armorica *.

* Now the province of Brittany (or Bretagne) in
 France.



C A N T O III.

IN that city is a temple, famous for its
 antiquity, and remarkable for its Gothic
 structure. The gloom that reigns through-
 out it, fills all who enter with a sacred horror.
 It is consecrated to the tutelary God of the
 country,

country, and served by priests, who seem totally separated from the world by the austerity of their vows, which compel them to a life of penance and self-denial, the enemy of pleasure and abundance. And yet Love never had more ardent and sincere votaries than amongst them.

Close to this temple is the habitation of the priests, which has a communication with the sanctuary, of which they have the custody. There they exhibit to the eyes of the prostrate people the fearful mysteries, of a deity equally dreaded and revered.

There are several altars in this temple, over which are placed the images of such of their brethren whom the priest will have the people to regard as the favourites of the deity ; but which they have placed there, not so much in honour to their memories, as a means of participating themselves in the homage and veneration paid to them.

It was in this mansion that the son of Cytherea alighted. He well knew that it was the only place where he was truly worshipped, and reigned unrivalled master of every heart, and that the deity to whom the temple was consecrated, confined within his sanctuary, shared only the outward ceremonies.

Every one of these Bonzes, did in his heart pay a sincere homage to Love. The

young ones manifested their zeal by their unwearied labours, and the old ones by the remembrance of their past toils, and a deep regret at being no longer able to support their wonted fatigues. But there are degrees in zeal, as in all other things, Love knows how to make the proper distinctions, and he was sensible, that of all these reverend votaries, Leander was the most fervent, and at the same time the most capable of undertaking every thing for his service. Love then made choice of this young Bonze, to second him in his vast designs, and addressed him in the following terms.

‘ Brave Leander, though the virtues of
 ‘ thy brethren have justly entitled them to
 ‘ the glorious rank of my mother’s fa-
 ‘ vourites, yet has thy superior zeal and
 ‘ unwearied labours for the honour of my
 ‘ name, made thee alone worthy of the dis-
 ‘ tinguishing favour I this day confer on thee,
 ‘ in deigning to manifest myself to thy sight.
 ‘ Thou knowest me, without doubt ; thy
 ‘ heart has ever been filled with my image,
 ‘ and thou hast a thousand times painted
 ‘ me in the most lively colours to the young
 ‘ beauties I have subjected to thee, in recom-
 ‘ pence, for thy faithful zeal. I am Love,
 ‘ but Love enraged ; Love slighted and
 ‘ contemned by the greatest part of mortals.
 ‘ I have made choice of thee, to re-establish
 ‘ my worship among them. But what do
 ‘ I see,

' I see, my presence inflames thee!—Trans-
 ' ports thee beyond thyself!—I see thee
 ' agitated with divine emotions!—Their
 ' violence overcomes thee!—Thy eyes
 ' swim in inebriating pleasures!—Thou
 ' sacrificest to me!—Stop, Leander, it is
 ' enough,——I am satisfied with thy ex-
 ' emplary piety, moderate a little its trans-
 ' sports, endeavour to calm thy troubled
 ' senses, and listen to what I have to say to
 ' thee.

' My mother reproaches me with the
 ' desertion of her temples, and the contempt
 ' my power is grown into, both amongst
 ' Gods and men.

' Thou knowest the inclination that Ju-
 ' piter has for Ganymede, and hast that
 ' horror of it, which suits with every true
 ' believer. If Juno alone was concerned
 ' in the infidelities of the thunderer, I should
 ' have less cause of complaint. She is his
 ' wife, and I have nothing to do with ma-
 ' trimonial affairs: but though he was
 ' grown tired of Hebe, Semele, Leda, and
 ' Danaë, were there no other mortal beau-
 ' ties worthy of administering to his plea-
 ' sures? Though he had been desirous of
 ' changing every day, I should have been
 ' at no trouble in furnishing him with ob-
 ' jects: But that this little pitiful shepherd
 ' boy who has nothing on his side but a to-
 ' lerable handsome person, should mono-

‘ polize the heart of the fire of the Gods,
 ‘ what an indignity is this offered to my
 ‘ power! what an example for all heaven
 ‘ and earth! -

‘ The chagrin this has given my mother,
 ‘ has robbed her of a part of her charms.
 ‘ She has lost that air of gaiety and satisfac-
 ‘ tion which is so essential to them. She
 ‘ has forgotten to smile, and even refuses
 ‘ me her kisses. Her eyes are no longer
 ‘ lighted up with pleasure, and her melan-
 ‘ choly has diffused itself to all around her.
 ‘ Her nymphs neglect to deck themselves.
 ‘ Zephyr dares no more approach her with
 ‘ his caresses. The Graces languish, and
 ‘ the laughing pleasures, struck with con-
 ‘ sternation, have taken their flight, to a
 ‘ myrtle branch where they sit and consult
 ‘ the eyes of their mistress, for permission
 ‘ to return and wanton again around her.
 ‘ Even her tender doves have forgotten
 ‘ their amorous wooing.

‘ Such is the distressed condition of the
 ‘ Queen of Beauty. I see it draws the
 ‘ tears from thy eyes, faithful Leander!
 ‘ Shed them upon me---Tears dropt into the
 ‘ bosom of Love, are sure of producing a
 ‘ plentiful harvest of pleasures: Love him-
 ‘ self shall gather thine to make thy bliss
 ‘ the greater. But listen to the truths I am
 ‘ going to impart.

‘ My

' My mother imputes all her misfortunes
 ' to my negligence ; and indeed, with jus-
 ' tice ; for it must be owned, that wholly
 ' taken up with administering to thy plea-
 ' sures, and those of thy brethren, I have
 ' scarce shot a single shaft, but upon those
 ' beauties which I was to subject to your
 ' fond wishes. You alone have found me
 ' such ample employment, that I have for-
 ' gotten all nature besides ; but my power
 ' would be too much limited, were it to be
 ' confined wholly to these abodes. Man-
 ' kind must be once more reduced to the
 ' obedience I so justly claim of them.

' But it is by no common means, brave
 ' Leander, that we must effect this great un-
 ' dertaking. The subduing of a youthful
 ' heart is to you no more than a work of
 ' amusement. Let us astonish the world
 ' with some unheard of prodigy. Thou
 ' shalt attack the antient Melissa, who has
 ' already passed the season for love by five
 ' lustres. No less than this is required to
 ' shew what I can do.

' The union of two young hearts, has no-
 ' thing surprising in it. It is still remem-
 ' bered what the lover of the tender Hero
 ' did for her. And we every day hear the
 ' hapless passion of Pyramus and Thisbe
 ' sung. Nor are the soft bands that united
 ' Petrarch to his lovely Laura, yet forgot-
 ' ten. But these miracles of love and ten-

' derness, no longer make any impression
 ' on the hearts of men. I may unite milli-
 ' ons of hearts in the spring of their life
 ' without being noticed for it by mankind.
 ' The glory is all given to nature, and she
 ' alone has the merit of knitting these hap-
 ' py bands. But for the old Melissa, in the
 ' icy winter of her age, to burn for Lean-
 ' der, and the youthful Leander, in all his
 ' bloom and vigour, to love Melissa, in
 ' spite of her faded charms, and in that
 ' season which is so deadly to the joys of
 ' love; this, this will alone, be sufficient to
 ' re-establish my authority, and once more
 ' revive my drooping faith in all hearts, and
 ' fix it beyond the power of fate to sub-
 ' vert.

' Happy, thrice happy Leander, how wilt
 ' thou be envied by all thy fellows! But the
 ' Gods shower their favours on those whom
 ' they judge the most deserving of them.
 ' It is impious to dispute the choice they are
 ' pleased to make, and all mankind shall
 ' admire, in respectful silence, the honour
 ' I now confer on thee.'

C A N T O



C A N T O IV.

IN a retired part of the capital at a small distance from the flood that waters its banks, lived, or rather languished, solitary and unknown, a superannuated decrepid female, called Melissa, who was the exact emblem of hoary Time. The Gods had, at her first creation, given her some charms, of which she made that use in honour of Love, for which nature originally designed them. But five lustres were now passed since youth had abandoned her, and with it the Smiles and Graces ; the sprightly pleasures that languish and grow tasteless without these, had likewise left her ; she was deserted of them all, and hardly did her memory furnish her with the smallest traces of her former happy state.

A few silver hairs still covered the sides of a head, whose summit was left quite naked. Wrinkles had formed large furrows on her forehead, and extended themselves from thence over all her face. Her mouth, stript of its teeth, was almost hidden by the union of her nose and chin ; happily for this latter, time had furnished it with a

growth of white crisped hairs, which gave it a venerable appearance. Her eyes had gained the carnation of which her cheeks were robbed, that were now become lank and sunk: Her bosom resembled that of echo, described by the poets, who wasted to air for the love of the coy Narcissus: Her prominent back pushed her head forward on her chest, and put her every minute in danger of falling upon her face, had it not been for a crutch, on which she supported herself by a withered hand, armed with nails like an eagle's talons.

Melissa had for a long time, indulged herself in a fretful disposition, she was perpetually finding fault with the pleasures of youth, and preaching up a rigid virtue, which she found very easy at her time of life to put in practice, and of which she pretended to have been always a shining example.

A niece of her's whom she had taken to live with her, in order, as she pretended, to train her up under her own eye to the principles of virtue, having learnt nothing under her tuition but a sourness of disposition, was, at length, obliged to leave her, and threw herself into a vicious course of life, to make up for the confinement she had suffered under her roof.

Melissa, such as I have here described her, was the person on whom the God of Love cast his eyes, as the instrument of reducing

ducing the universe once more to his obedience: so true is it that the Gods act on motives impenetrable to the weak conceptions of human kind, and effect their purpose by means we are incapable of investigating when they please to conceal them from our sight.

Leander was well acquainted with this precious piece of antiquity. He grew pale at the mention of her name, and all his fortitude had like to have forsaken him. Love remarked his confusion. 'What,' cried he, 'does the brave Leander, after having
' atchieved such noble exploits, hesitate
' when an occasion offers of crowning all
' his glories? Can'st thou bear, oh most
' faithful and arduous of my votaries, can'st
' thou bear, that another should enjoy the
' glorious fate I have prepared for thee?
' Where is that superiority which I always
' beheld in thee over the rest of thy brethren,
' if thou art to be moved by youth
' and beauty only?'

'Ah, forbear such reproaches,' replied Leander, ashamed of a weakness hitherto unknown to him; 'I do not merit them.
' All powerful Deity, sole object of my
' adoration, what cannot Leander dare, assisted
' by thee?'

As a proud courser, whom the trumpet's clangor, and the martial drum, animates to the fight, impatient of the curbing bit, paws

the earth with his feet, and burns with ardor to rush into the midst of the battle; so fared it with Leander, in whom the power of Love had now awakened the warmest emulation, he appeared all impatience to fly to Melissa, and give signal proofs of his valour to the deity who was to be witness of his achievements.

The God, highly pleased to find his votary restored to himself, gave him a gracious smile, and over-shadowed him with his joy-inspiring wings. Leander felt the genial influence through all his faculties—he is for going that instant. ‘Hold,’ cried Love, ‘before you go, I must pierce you with an arrow whose tip has an efficacy proportioned to the great effects I expect from it. There.’—So saying, he transfixed his heart with a burning shaft, while the young Bonze felt himself inflamed to a degree he had never before experienced, though in the full bloom and vigour of manhood. ‘Here is another for Melissa; they have been both dipt in my mother’s tears, when she wept for the death of her beautiful Adonis; thou may’st securely depend upon their effects. But when thou hast subdued Melissa, think not of concealing thy triumph by a ridiculous mystery; thy conquest would then be of no use to me. It must break forth to the eyes of all the world: Melissa must be carried off
‘ from

' from the midst of her family and friends ;
 ' she must follow thee, after having thyself
 ' renounced thy vows, thy country, and
 ' every tie that idle prejudice has taught
 ' mankind to look upon as sacred, and
 ' which they have nevertheless on a thou-
 ' sand occasions made give way to mine.'

Leander would scarce suffer the power
 of Love to finish these words, with such
 noble impatience did he burn for an oppor-
 tunity of signalizing himself in the eyes of
 the God whom he adored. He remember-
 ed with rage and shame the momentary
 weakness he had a little before shewn, and
 thought of nothing but erasing the smallest
 impression of it. With eyes sparkling like
 fire, a countenance that shewed the greatest
 agitation, and all the air of a hero rushing
 forth to meet the foe, and shew his valour
 in the face of his country, spectator of his
 deeds; he vowed to avenge Venus on re-
 bellious mortals, and swore it by the club
 of Hercules, which his brethren all inherit,
 and which he then had in his hand: After
 this fearful oath nothing was capable of
 stopping him; he flies where glory calls
 him. Love got to the scene of action be-
 fore him, and had already made the proper
 use of the chosen shaft.

The antiquated Melissa already began
 to feel the fermentation in her veins, when
 behold Leander approaches. He was a
 stranger

stranger to idle preambles, and Melissa required none. In fine, to see, to love, to burn with fierce desire, and to give themselves up without reserve to the powerful Deity, that was a spectator of his triumph, was the work but of an instant.

By a special power given to Time over whatsoever exists ; all that is, is liable to change, and every thing in nature is one time or another renewed : Melissa had experienced this vicissitude, and was returned to the state of infancy, so far as to throw such obstacles in the way of her lover, as his utmost prowess was but barely sufficient to surmount. There are many who would find something very laughable in the languishing sighs and soft complainings of Melissa on this occasion. They were however the true voice of nature, and far from being studied, but they were likewise incapable of softening the hero, who became only the more animated to compleat his victory

The fierce avenger of Cytherea was a considerable time before he could find a moment's respite to speak to Melissa. He was wholly taken up with action, so numerous and reiterated were his triumphs ; Love himself at length began to grow impatient ; when Melissa, stammering in the language of voluptuous delight, cried out to him to grant her a moment's respite. The generous

rous Bonze granted her request, and improving that instant to answer the views of the Deity, in whose service he was then engaged, he addressed Melissa in the following words.

‘ Dearest Melissa,’ said he, ‘ in whom I
 ‘ at once meet with all the incitements of
 ‘ youth, and commanding reverence of old
 ‘ age. I flatter myself to have already given
 ‘ you the most convincing proofs of my
 ‘ passion, and am ready to repeat them.’
 ‘ Ah, mercy, mercy, my dearest Leander,’
 cried Melissa, ‘ for heaven’s sake, give me
 ‘ time to breath: Believe me, I share equal-
 ‘ ly in the raptures that inspire thee, but let
 ‘ us for a little time taste the pleasure of de-
 ‘ siring; which is often as exquisite as that
 ‘ of enjoyment.’

Leander was in raptures at these amorous metaphysics. ‘ Heavens,’ cried he, ‘ what
 ‘ delicacy, joined to so many charms! ah,
 ‘ I am too blest; but what have I not to ap-
 ‘ prehend for my happiness in a place where
 ‘ every one that sees you, must become my
 ‘ rival. I am resolved to snatch you from
 ‘ so many obstacles, and carry you with me
 ‘ to happier climes, where we shall be
 ‘ known to Love alone, who is our protec-
 ‘ tor, and will give us, to taste without ap-
 ‘ prehension, those exquisite delights, which
 ‘ he bestows in such abundance on his hap-
 ‘ py favourites.’

Melissa,

Melissa, who found her youth renewed again in pleasure, and had forgot that, but the evening before, it was with difficulty she could hobble across her room, even with the assistance of her crutch; gave her instant consent to accompany Leander in his proposed flight, protesting that she acknowledged no other country than Cythera, nor any other family than the Graces, Young Desires, and Laughing Pleasures.

The son of Priam felt not more joy when he had prevailed on the beauteous spouse of Menelaus, to follow him to the banks of the Scamander, than did Leander when he had gained the consent of his new Helen.

‘ Let us not lose a moment,’ cried he, ‘ dearest Melissa, we must be accountable for it to Love, who awaits our arrival, to give us a place in the same grotto, where he passed so many delicious minutes with his loved Psyche. You shall take her seat, adorable Melissa, and I will serve thee with a tender assiduity, not inferior to that which Cupid shewed for thy beauteous predecessor.’

‘ Let us be gone this instant,’ continued he, ‘ but how I dread, on your account, the fatigues of the journey. Alas! you cannot walk! This crutch is the only leg you have left! No matter; I feel in myself all the strength and agility of Love, mount upon my shoulders, O delightful burthen,

‘burthen, to be loaded with what we
‘love.’

They thus set out under the auspices of
Love, who at once favoured and added
speed to their flight. Thus erst the Tro-
jans saw the pious Æneas charged with his
father Anchises, to convey him from the
barbarous fury of the conquering Greeks.



C A N T O V.

THE God who animates and supports
all nature, Love, beheld this happy
beginning with pleasure, and willing not to
leave any thing undone, that might contri-
bute to his glory and the re-establishment
of his worship, addressed to the fire of the
Gods, the following prayer.

‘Almighty Jove, to whom all the ele-
‘ments pay obedience, who, from the sum-
‘mit of mount Ida, didst decide the fate
‘of Greece and Troy, and gavest courage
‘and victory as thou sawest fit; oh thou,
‘in whose presence, the Gods themselves
‘tremble, like weak mortals; grant thy
‘protection to Melissa and her Leander,
‘in whom I have wrought such wondrous
‘things for my mother’s glory and thine.
‘Favour their flight and send a cloud to
‘conceal

conceal them from the pursuits of men,
 ' who have rebelled against me.'

Jove lent a propitious ear to the prayer of Love, and, notwithstanding that Minerva strongly opposed it, sent a cloud to envelop our two lovers, which rendered them invisible to all eyes, yet without depriving them of the necessary light for pursuing their journey.

Love having now nothing to fear for his votaries, from the attempts of mortals; left them a Genij for their guide; and cutting the yielding air, with a rapidity that no eye could follow, he descends, in an instant, on the island where Destiny, to whose power even the Gods themselves are subject, seated in his brazen palace, regulates the lives and fortunes of all the princes and nations of the earth.

This dreadful palace, the sole view of which is capable of inspiring the most reverential awe, is as antient as the world itself. It has twenty four gates, each guarded by one of the hours, who never suffered the fates to pass through but by an eternal rule, which nothing can change or mitigate.

The Fates are daughters of Destiny: He sends them forth amongst Gods and men, to distribute to them their several happy or unhappy events, agreeable to what he has foreseen and regulated by his irrevocable decrees.

The

The first twelve hours, exercise their functions during the day, and the other during the night. There being but one of the twenty-four doors open at a time, the same order is repeated every day.

The entrance into this palace is by a vestibule, the dome of which is supported by an hundred pillars. Immediately upon entering, there is heard a dreadful voice, which is rendered still more so, by the echoing of the brazen vaults. It cries out, 'Ambitious mortal, regulate thy requests by the rule of reason, otherwise a humiliating denial is all thou hast to expect from the immortal Deity who resides here.'

No one, however, is intimidated by this menace, as every person looks upon his own demands, to be just. After crossing the vestibule they come into a hall, more spacious than the palaces of the greatest monarchs of the earth. Round this hall are brazen tables, forged by the hand of Vulcan; and on these are placed the statues of those mortals, who have merited, in a peculiar manner, the favours of Destiny.

On one side are seen Augustus, Titus, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, Guesclin, Clifton, Elizabeth, Henry the Great, Christiana, Gustavus, Condé, Turenne, and Lewis XIV. with many others of inferior note. One of these appears to want that hue, which is the stamp of antiquity. This is the great Maurice,
rice,

rice, the prop of his sinking country, for whose defence he seemed purposely formed. By the side of this hero is the superb monument which his grateful country-men erected to his memory. Here likewise are seen the statues of several great men, as yet but begun: Destiny has marked them out their several places, but suffers them to remain on earth, till by a series of the most noble achievements they have filled the measure of their glory. Among these is a sketch of the great Richlieu, whom Destiny has chosen to be the avenger of his country on its perfidious neighbours, and humble their pride by overthrowing their most formidable ramparts.

On the other side, are the statues of Homer, Virgil, Horace, and other celebrated persons who have acquired immortal glory by their writings; and reflect an honour on the country which gave them birth.

On the walls are represented in basso relievo, the unhappy fate of those whose boundless ambition made them aim at becoming the favourites of Destiny, without being possessed of either strength or prudence, proportioned to the undertaking.

There Hector is seen dragged round the walls of Troy, by the inexorable Achilles. Not that he was inferior in valour to his conqueror, but because he defended the iniquitous cause of his brother Paris, and that

that Destiny had determined he should be overcome by the Greek. There Cæsar appears, dying of the wounds given him in the senate-house, for having attempted, in opposition to the decrees of Destiny, to enslave his country, whose hour of subjection was not yet come.

There too is seen the king of Argos and Mycene, who slighted the predictions of the inspired Cassandra, because Destiny had determined that he should be murdered by one of his wife's lovers.

There the restless Alexander, whose insatiable ambition made him request of Destiny new worlds to subject to his empire; meets a sudden death in the midst of all his prosperity, and, while he is forming projects more than human.

A thousand such other stories are carved on these walls, as so many striking mementos to those who come to ask favours of Destiny: But no one appears to regard them.

In the middle of this hall, is a Genii, whose great age gives him a severe and sour aspect. It is he who hears the requests of mortal and immortal beings; which he writes down, and delivers to each person without speaking a word, making them a sign to pass on into another hall.

In this hall are seated the Fates: who are an hundred in number; but are never
to

to be seen together, because one or other of them, is constantly employed in traversing the universe, to execute the orders of their father. It is easy to distinguish those whose presence gives joy to mankind from those who overwhelm them with dread and despair.

These wear a dreary aspect, their air is savage and uncouth, their colour wan and pale, they have claws like harpies, cloven feet, and snaky locks: Daggers and flaming torches arm their hands, and their habits are always stained with blood.

The others on the contrary, have the most agreeable countenances, their faces are always drest in smiles, their voices are soft and melodious, their deportment gay and pleasurable, and their looks are the harbingers of happiness. The one observe a mournful silence, gnawing their nails, and meditating horrid schemes, in expectation of the victims to be sent them by their father Destiny. The others are for ever engaged in sports and pastimes, or entertaining each other with accounts of the hearts they have made happy, and their impatience to make others so. The former are the most in number, and have infinitely more business on their hands than these.

They all knew the power of Love at his first appearance, and crowded round him. 'Is it us, you are in search of?' cried the happy

happy Fates. 'Have you any murders to commit?' demanded the baleful Sisters. 'Rather,' cried the former, 'bestow happiness on mankind.' 'Rather,' replied the latter, 'reign in the midst of blood and slaughter.' The impatient God passed through them without deigning an answer. He opened an iron gate, and beheld Destiny placed at the upper end of a spacious hall, whose vast extent and lofty elevation exceeded the most piercing sight.

There the awful Deity is seated on the world, which is his throne. On each side of him stands Time with his scythe, ready to execute his orders, and the Three Sisters weaving the loom of life, which they intermix with gold silk or stuff, according as he commands, and are ready with their fatal shears to cut it short at the instant of his bidding.

This immense hall is of bronze, and the architecture is the work of divine hands. On the walls are represented the events, that have determined the different fates of all the empires of the earth.

Here is seen the foundation of Rome, which Destiny had marked out to be mistress of the world, and to sink again into nothing from its former splendor.

The rape of the Sabines, which gave rise to so many great men in arms, arts, and literature. Rome restored to liberty by the banish-

banishment of the Tarquins, and rising to the most exalted heights of greatness. And the same Rome enslaved again by Augustus, and at length sinking into the lowest infamy, through its own luxury and effeminacy.

The ruins of Carthage which for so long time had the honour of being the rival of Rome.

The world laid waste by the destructive sword of Alexander, and kingdoms raised and overthrown, given and taken away at the pleasure of that mighty conqueror.

The rape of Helen, the fatal cause of Troy's overthrow, and of the death of so many princes and warriors of Greece, whom Destiny had doomed to die, for the quarrel of one man.

The conquests of the great Cyrus ; and Egypt overthrown and plunged into barbarism, after having been the centre of all the arts and sciences.

The empire of the east rising from the ruins of many other empires, till at length it swallows up Greece, which was the model of learning and politeness, for every other nation.

Here the Belgii, jealous of their liberties, are seen shaking off the yoke of a powerful oppression, and with equal fortitude and wisdom, making head against the efforts of the greatest powers combined for their destruction,

struction, and at length remaining a free people.

Here too the same people are seen forging chains for themselves, and rivetting them so strongly, as never again to be broken.

In one place appears a barbarian prince marked out by Destiny, to be the civilizer of his people. Who with unwearied labour and assiduity brought home from distant climes, the arts, sciences, and every other social accomplishment; by which, in a short time, he raised them from a state of obscurity and contempt, without government and without laws, to be a warlike, civilized, and respectable nation.

While in another, is seen the discovery of a new world, in the burning regions of the south. The precious ore with which its bosom teems, deprives it of its liberty, and brings slavery and misery on its wretched inhabitants.

These walls exhibit numberless other events, wrought by the will of Destiny, the least of which might be sufficient to cure mankind of their ambition and thirst of riches, was it possible to separate these two passions from human nature.

The roof of this hall, is painted by Mercury, and represents the heavens; its stupendous height, is an image of the immense distance between them and this earth.

earth: Here the sun is seen in a chariot, drawn by fiery coursers; and the lucky and unlucky Fates, flying towards all parts of the world, to fill mankind with joy, or overwhelm them with grief, agreeable to the orders given them by their immortal father.

In this place the sovereign arbiter of the Fate of the universe, examines the requests written down by the old Genii.

If he finds them just, he engraves them with his own hand on brazen tables, and then the decree is immutable: if he disapproves them, he gives them to Time to be devoured, and they are no more heard of.

When Destiny takes the table of requests into his hand, a cloud covers him from all eyes, till he has fixed his decree, and every one returns without knowing what he has to hope or fear: for it is determined that no mortal shall have a knowledge of the Fate that awaits him in futurity, into which the Gods alone are permitted to penetrate.

Love, who, on account of his divinity, was exempted from this law, spoke himself to Destiny, and in these terms.

‘ O thou, so oft invoked by mortals, and
 ‘ so often deaf to their cries. Thou, who
 ‘ art revered by the Gods themselves; aw-
 ‘ ful Destiny! whose very name makes all
 ‘ tremble; behold! my glory and happi-
 ‘ ness are in thy hands. Thou hast deigned

‘ to

' to take upon thee hitherto the conducting
 ' of the boldest design I ever formed. Le-
 ' ander loves Melissa, she is now in his
 ' arms : They have both renounced their
 ' country to follow me to the place whither
 ' I chose to conduct them. Now shall my
 ' power be soon restored amongst men.
 ' All Olympus shall be witness of my glory,
 ' from Jupiter nothing is hidden. But how
 ' can I make it known likewise in the dreary
 ' mansions of the dead, whither nothing
 ' can penetrate, unless by thy eternal de-
 ' cree ? Give orders, then, O sacred Desti-
 ' ny ! for Leander and Melissa to descend
 ' thither, and in their union give their in-
 ' habitants an instance of the greatest mira-
 ' cle they ever yet beheld ; for unless you
 ' speak the word, O tremendous Destiny !
 ' Charon will not quit the opposite shore to
 ' carry them over ; nor will Cerberus retire
 ' to his den, when they approach. Permit
 ' me next, to carry them into Neptune's
 ' palace, where my power has also been
 ' slighted and where I must again restore
 ' it.'

Destiny gave his consent to all that the
 God of Love had requested, and instantly
 dispatched one of the happy sisters, with an
 order to chain up Cerberus ; and to procure
 a free passage for the amorous couple into
 the dark empire of Pluto.

Love, transported with joy, shook his
 wings, and hastened to rejoin the two lovers,
 D leaving

leaving the palace of Destiny perfumed with ambrosial odours.



C A N T O VI.

NOT far from this palace, where Destiny governs all the motions of the universe; within a deep wood of cypresses coeval with the world, whose lofty heads hide themselves in the clouds; at the foot of a steep rock is a grotto, whose entrance is smooth and wide and enamelled with the most beautiful flowers, exciting the curiosity of passengers to take a view of it.

For some time they walk on in a smooth even path, sheltered over head by a lofty and spacious roof cut out of the rock. On each side of this grotto are several niches, from which the Pleasures step forth and offer their service to all comers, dancing before them, and strewing their way with flowers.

At some distance a concert of vocal and instrumental musick is heard, whose delightful harmony invites to a nearer approach; but the ground becoming all on a sudden steep and slippery, the heedless wanderer is rapidly hurried down the precipice, without
being

being able to stop himself till he arrives on the banks of the Styx.

It was to the entrance of this grotto, that Love, after having secured the decree of Destiny in his favour, conducted Melissa and Leander ; who, at first sight took this wood for an asylum, sacred to lovers, and the grotto for that wherein love had promised to make them taste of those pleasures with which he fills all tender hearts.

‘ Let us enter, my dear Melissa, said the amorous Bonze ; ‘ this is the end of our journey ; it is here that Love is going to reward us for the great things we have done for his sake. This is the country he has reserved for us, after having abandoned our own, unworthy by its barbarity to be the residence of two hearts so delicate as ours ; come let us take instant possession of this delightful dwelling. ‘ I readily consent,’ replied Melissa, ‘ every place must be delightful in thy company, my best loved Leander. But I have just had a thought, which I am persuaded you will not disapprove : Piety and a veneration for religious duties has ever been the guide and rule of my conduct, and this inspires me with what I am now going to say to you.

‘ It is impossible that we can forget how much we are indebted to the God of Love for the many blessings he has bestowed on

‘ us ; and we cannot, without being guilty
 ‘ of the most impious ingratitude, enter this
 ‘ grotto, which I look upon as his temple,
 ‘ without offering a sacrifice to him. Let
 ‘ us then,’ continued she, ‘ let us instantly
 ‘ my dear Leander, raise him an altar of
 ‘ the softest, freshest, moss.

This devout proposal was agreed to ; an altar was raised, Leander officiated as high-priest. The zealous Melissa devoted herself the victim, and went through the sacred ceremonies, with unequalled ardor and devotion. The rites finished, they both entered the grotto.

Every thing they beheld contributed to the deception. The Sports and Smiles, that danced before them as they walked along, made them certain that this was the very grotto which had been promised them for their residence by the power of Love.

Melissa was overjoyed to have an opportunity of renewing her acquaintance with this amiable family : and industriously strived to hide her crutch, lest it might frighten them away. The path was smooth and level, and the joy she felt gave her new vigour. ‘ Sweet pretty creatures,’ cried she, ‘ they are not all grown old ; they are just
 ‘ as lovely and sprightly as when they left
 ‘ me. Lovely children,’ added she, ‘ how
 ‘ happy should I be to be your mother !
 ‘ The power of Love can work this mira-
 ‘ cle,

‘ cle, let us then ask it of him, my dear
 ‘ Leander. But must not we sacrifice to
 ‘ him, when we would obtain any favour at
 ‘ his hands?’ ‘ Oh, indeed,’ cried Lean-
 der, ‘ you are just now too religious : when
 ‘ do you think we shall reach yon delightful
 ‘ band of music, if we spend all our time in
 ‘ sacrifices ? Let us go on. It is love that
 ‘ calls us by those enchanting sounds ; it
 ‘ would be the highest disobedience, not to
 ‘ listen whither he invites.’

This said, they walked on towards the
 magic sounds, that continued to strike their
 ears, till being come to the precipice, they
 felt themselves hurried down in spite of
 all their resistance, with a rapidity like that
 of a vast rock rent from a mountain’s top,
 whose own weight bears it impetuously
 down to the plain : nor did they stop till
 they came to the banks of Styx, where
 Love was waiting for them, at whose sight
 our amorous pair recovered their astonished
 senses, and the youthful God addressed them
 in the following terms.

‘ Valiant Leander, and you incomparable
 ‘ Melissa, listen to what I am about to say.
 ‘ I have obtained the permission of Destiny,
 ‘ who rules over Gods and men, for the
 ‘ gates of this dreary empire to be opened to
 ‘ you, and that you may return again toge-
 ‘ ther more happy than Orpheus and Eu-
 ‘ ridice. Go on, and by your unparalleled
 D 3 ‘ union,

‘ union, manifest the greatness of my power
 ‘ to the astonished shades, and to the brother of Jove who here rules over them.

‘ The same power shall transport you
 ‘ next to the court of Neptune, who, like
 ‘ them is the son of Saturn and Rhea, and
 ‘ has his palace in the deep abyss of the
 ‘ waters. There you are to put the finishing hand to my glory, and there your labours shall end ; after which I will transport you both, on a cloud of azure and gold, to the grotto which I have destined for your blissful habitation, where you shall pass your days in pleasures ; exceeded only by those which the Gods themselves enjoy.’

Here Love made an end of speaking, and Destiny having ordered that Charon should be ready on the shore, to ferry over our two lovers, they entered the fatal bark, leaving behind them thousands of unhappy souls, whose bodies had not yet received the rites of sepulture.

Scarce were our two lovers landed on the opposite shore, when they perceived the flames and smoke that came through the clefts of the rock, which divides the infernal kingdom from the banks of the river, and serves it as a wall.

At this sight, together with the ruggedness of the path, Melissa felt so great a terror, that she was bereft of the little strength
 nature

nature had left her, which obliged Leander to take her upon his shoulders. Thus loaded, he went up and knocked at the iron gate, which is kept by the three-headed dog Cerberus, the immortal porter of these dreary mansions ; he was chained up by the orders of Destiny ; and only barked nine times at three different intervals, to give notice of some one's being there, upon which the gate flew open with a hideous noise.

Leander in his Bonze's habit (for he had not had time to change his dress) and carrying Melissa on his shoulders, was so astonishing a sight to the female shades, naturally fearful, that they could not support it, the greater part of them fled away to hide themselves in the recesses of the Elysian bowers, while others stood motionless, in silent wonder, contemplating the grotesque figure offered to their view, while others laughed till they were ready to burst ; these indeed, were the shades of those, who had been great laughers in this world, many of which we have still amongst us.

In the mean time, there arose a great buz among the inhabitants of this dark empire in general, who could not help reasoning upon the occasion of so extraordinary an apparition : It is certainly a new Parca, said some of them, whom Destiny has sent hither to fill up the place of one of the other

three. Atropos, perhaps, has prematurely cut the thread of some great man's life, cried another, whom it was yet necessary to have continued in the world, as happened, in the great Henry, the valiant Maurice, and many others. No, no, replied a third set, it is old Rhea, come on a visit to her son Pluto.

Those shades who still retained a taste for pleasure, were highly delighted with this thought. This visit, said they, will doubtless procure us some diversions; our monarch can never think of receiving his mother, without demonstrations of joy, suitable to the occasion.

The shades of the Young and Airy already began to think of balls, masquerades, ridottos and dress, and the *petits-maitres*, had set their faces, to appear with more grace at the approaching festival; they practiced new airs, tried to recover their minuet step, the toss of their heads, the play of their shoulders, and that indolent air which served for so admirable a cover to their insufficiency in this world, and procured them the title of pretty fellows.

The poets prepared to sing the praises of Rhea in the most pompous verses. Some indeed had only just begun to form the outlines of their performance in imagination, while others, more greedy of gain than the glory of excelling, were resolved to appear
the

the first, and had actually composed several strophes of an ode.

Some other shades, such as those of superiors of convents, chiefs of orders, directors of academies, &c. &c. &c. drawn away by their former habits, had already composed a number of harangues, with the same unhappy facility, which prompted them, while in this world, to deafen every one they met, with their crude productions.

In a word, tho' one part of hell was all mirth and joyful hope, the Parcæ were in fear for the event, when Rhadamanthus, the son of Jupiter and Europa, appeared, and in a stern tone thus addressed Leander.

'What is it thou bearest upon thy back,' said he, 'mortal, sent hither, without doubt, by the express order of Destiny, and what hast thou to demand of the gloomy king who rules in these shades, whose dreadful voice makes these infernal roofs tremble, and congeals with icy horror the shades of the greatest heroes?'

'The divine Melissa and I,' answered Leander, 'desire to be conducted to the foot of Pluto's throne.' 'Follow me,' replied Rhadamanthus. The two lovers obeyed, and were soon in the presence of the dread king of hell. He was seated on a throne of iron, supported by four brazen dragons, and by his side was Proserpine, whom he stole from her mother Ceres, in

the gardens of Enna. Leander, after having eased his shoulders of his precious load, thus addressed the infernal God.

‘ Dread son of Saturn, who reignest supreme here below, and by thy decree dost fix the happiness of the virtuous, and the punishment due to the wicked ; I am sent hither by the God of Love, to make your whole empire a witness to his power. It has been long forgotten and neglected among mortals, his temples are left without votaries, his altars without victims. He has chosen me to be the restorer of his worship. I have inspired Melissa with the flames of love, and burn for her with equal ardor. If the power of Love has hitherto been held in doubt among the shades here below, the bands which unite Melissa and myself, and which are knit by his own hands ought to revive their faith, banish their incredulity, and restore his glory and worship among them.’

‘ Yourself, dread monarch of impenetrable gloom, yourself have been once softened by the love which the tender Orpheus shewed for his Euridice, and how much more so must you then be, when you behold Melissa, in the winter of her life, burning with the warmest desires for me, and I, on the other hand, in all the bloom and vigour of mine, inflamed with the charms of the frozen Melissa, so far as to
‘ contemn

' contemn for her sake, all that is dear and
 ' sacred to man, and place my whole hap-
 ' piness in being the object of her love, and
 ' the companion of her flight. The God of
 ' Love has by this miracle sufficiently
 ' proved, that there is no age or time
 ' which may not experience this soft passion
 ' he inspires, and taste of his pleasures. He
 ' unites the greatest contradictions, and
 ' gives new life to every being. His power
 ' knows no limits, but is superior even to
 ' that of nature, since he can light up a
 ' flame in hearts, wherein nature herself is
 ' become, in a manner, extinct.'

Proserpine, who herself began to grow
 old, and had for some time perceived a con-
 siderable abatement in the ardor of her
 grim consort; was pleased to the soul at this
 lecture of Leander's, and not to let so in-
 teresting a cause miscarry, for want of a
 little assistance, she launched out into enco-
 miums on Melissa, whom she declared, to
 be, in her opinion, still mistress of charms
 sufficient to captivate any heart.

' Pr'ythee, hold your tongue, good wife,'
 said Pluto, ' your partiality has so blinded
 ' you, that you are absolutely running coun-
 ' ter to the chief design of the power of
 ' Love. The more capable Melissa might
 ' be of inspiring a passion, the less would be
 ' the glory arising to the God from the mi-
 ' racle, of which he is desirous my empire
 ' should

‘ should be a witness.’ Then turning to Leander, he spoke as follows:

‘ Know, mortal, that I never entertained
 ‘ the least doubt of the great power of the
 ‘ God of Love, I have felt his shafts on my
 ‘ breast ; and have more than once been
 ‘ indebted to the pleasing smart for my
 ‘ greatest happiness ; but it must be acknowledged, that his power has of late
 ‘ suffered a considerable diminution amongst
 ‘ men ; I am daily a witness of this melancholy truth. Of an hundred thousand
 ‘ souls, whom Destiny sends every day hither, to receive their sentence at the foot
 ‘ of my throne, there are very few who have
 ‘ dedicated their lives to the service of
 ‘ Love ; numbers of them appear to have
 ‘ been utter strangers to him, and I am
 ‘ obliged to punish as many more for having
 ‘ opposed his worship in the most shocking
 ‘ manner. But now he has given the most
 ‘ convincing proof of his power, and his
 ‘ laws can no longer remain unknown, but
 ‘ to those flinty hearts on whom nothing can
 ‘ make an impression, and who, from their
 ‘ insensibility, are condemned to be eternally ignorant of true felicity.

‘ But how great thy glory, heroic mortal,
 ‘ to have been set apart by the God of
 ‘ Love, as the person most fit to rekindle
 ‘ the flames on his altars, and teach mankind again to know and confess his power.

‘ Nothing

‘ Nothing shall be wanting on my side to
 ‘ further so just an undertaking.’

‘ Go, continued the infernal monarch,
 addressing himself to Rhadamanthus, ‘ go,
 ‘ conduct this favoured couple through the
 ‘ Elysian fields; relate their story to the
 ‘ blest shades, that there enjoy eternal
 ‘ peace, and are capable of tasting happi-
 ‘ ness; as the passion of love is the greatest
 ‘ of all felicities, they shall taste of that
 ‘ likewise.

‘ Pass by black Tartarus: The shades
 ‘ that inhabit there, are condemned to ever-
 ‘ lasting torments, and Love can have no
 ‘ power over their souls.—Do you, Minos,
 ‘ draw up a decree, and cause it to be pub-
 ‘ lished throughout my empire; command-
 ‘ ing all my subjects to acknowledge the
 ‘ power of Love, and give themselves up,
 ‘ without controul, to his gentle fires.’——

Proserpine, highly displeased with the an-
 swer made her by Pluto, retired in a dis-
 consolate mood, saying to herself; ‘ Un-
 ‘ grateful wretch! when he stole me from
 ‘ those happy plains where I was gathering
 ‘ flowers, contented with my humble con-
 ‘ dition, not knowing of a greater felicity:
 ‘ he promised me to love me for ever, but
 ‘ for what I can see, the Gods are to the
 ‘ full as inconstant as mortals: How wretch-
 ‘ ed is my fortune to be condemned to
 ‘ dwell only among shades; what means
 ‘ have

‘ have I left to revenge myself on him for
 ‘ his perfidy ?’

While the unhappy Proserpine was thus lamenting her fate, Leander and Melissa, were traversing the Elysian fields. Melissa met with a great many shades of her acquaintance, who had not been behind-hand with herself in the career of Love formerly; but were not so happy as to be able to renew it again. She related her story to them, and that she might do the God, who inflamed her bosom, the most eminent service in her power, she made them promise to seek out in those infernal regions, the shades of those with whom they had had connections while in life, and to renew their former union. She likewise met with several of her former lovers, none of whom had ever equalled Leander. What a loss was mine, cried she, to have sacrificed the flower of my days, to such as these ! But headstrong youth, is seldom careful in their choice. Was I to grow young again, and that is a miracle which the God of Love can easily operate, my taste, should, for the future, be wholly guided by that habit, which my dear Leander wears, and on such alone would I fix my choice. Love has no true chieftains but among those of his dress.——

Leander, on his side, entertained himself in conversation with the Athlets of his order,

der, who were gathered about him in crouds, relating their several surprising achievements in the fields of Love ; when, on a sudden, they heard the sound of the dreadful trumpet, that calls together the shades, when the sovereign of Hell requires their attendance. It was sounded by one of the four Genii, who always stand at the four corners of Pluto's throne, ready to receive and carry his orders.

The shades were all assembled, on an immense plain, or rather field, enamelled with the most beautiful flowers, and surrounded by a grotto, where they were regaled with the most fragrant and delightful breezes, and revelled in eternal joys, that knew no interruption ; when the Genii uttered the following words, in a voice like that of thunder, when doubled through the valleys in repeated ecchoes.

‘ Ye happy shades who have descended
 ‘ hither, and without fear submitted your-
 ‘ selves to the judgment of Minos and the
 ‘ stern Rhadamanthus, which strikes all
 ‘ other souls with dread, and enjoy in these
 ‘ blissful regions, an uninterrupted series of
 ‘ the sublimest pleasures ; the just Pluto is
 ‘ willing to render these still more exquisite
 ‘ to you, and therefore commands you all
 ‘ to acknowledge the God of Love, the
 ‘ most powerful of all Deities, since the
 ‘ great fire of the Gods himself is subject to
 ‘ his

‘ his soft influence, and to give yourselves
 ‘ up without reserve to the enchanting pleasures of loving and being beloved.’

‘ None are exempted from this law,
 ‘ save such only who are joined in Hymen’s
 ‘ bands, Pluto not caring to make any alteration in their manner of living while on
 ‘ earth. Let the wife then return to the
 ‘ gallant, and the husband to his mistress.
 ‘ Let every one love, and let that soft passion make the happiness of all below, so
 ‘ far as shades are capable of tasting happiness : For thus it is ordained by the dread
 ‘ Pluto, who with a single breath of his
 ‘ nostrils, can shake these infernal vaults
 ‘ from their centre, and crush them into
 ‘ one undistinguished heap of ruins.’

‘ Quit this place, Leander,’ continued the Genii, ‘ and take with you your Melissa :
 ‘ It is not permitted for mortals who have
 ‘ not passed under the shears of Atropos,
 ‘ to remain longer in the regions of the
 ‘ dead.’

Leander and Melissa instantly obeyed ; but before they took leave of these delightful Mansions, they were witnesses of the zeal with which the shades fulfilled the decree of their dark king, and sought out each other to renew former connections, or to make new ones ; and happy in having so well answered the views of the God who sent them, they followed the Genii, who conducted

conducted them to the fatal boat, which waisted them over to the opposite shore.



C A N T O VII.

THE first object that struck the sight of this extraordinary pair on their landing, was the God of Love himself more chearful, more glorious and more enchanting, than they had ever yet beheld him.

‘ Most faithful of all my votaries,’ said he, ‘ whose zeal was already well known to me, I am informed of the success that has attended your labours in my service. Already Pluto’s dreary empire confesses my gentle power, and the God himself burns with new desires ; he projects an excursion into this world, to carry off some charming maid to satisfy his fierce desires ; he has requested of me to renew continually the soft flame, and I have granted his request. What is there likewise that I will not do for you, illustrious pair, to whom I am indebted for the restoration of empire and glory ? But let us compleat the noble work you have thus auspiciously begun ; hasten to quit this shore by the
‘ same

• same steps which conducted you hither:
 ‘ The God of Love himself shall be your
 ‘ guide.’ He said, and waving his ambrosial wings, gained in an instant the summit of the declivity, from which Leander and his Melissa, had been precipitated into the dark regions of Tartarus, but it would have been impossible for them to have followed him, had not the genial power by an attractive virtue peculiar to himself, and which he can exert at pleasure in all creatures, drawn this pair of lovers towards him, who soon found themselves on the top of the precipice, without having been sensible of the least exertion in getting thither.

This way of travelling would have agreed extremely well with the feeble Melissa; but the Gods do not chuse to make their miracles too cheap, lest mortals should in time make light of their power. Therefore the amorous matron found herself obliged to continue the rest of her journey on foot, to get out of the grotto: The delightful sounds that had formerly enchanted their ears, were no longer heard, the Sports and Smiles had disappeared, and the obscurity of the place was so great, that our two lovers could with difficulty find their way out of it. At length, they got a glimpse of the light, which came from the entrance of the cave, to which they eagerly pressed forwards. When they had got into the open
 air,

air, Melissa, as if escaped from the most imminent danger, cried out, ' What miracles
' are wrought in our favour ! what thanks
' have I to render to the benign Deity who
' has protected us, and who has given me
' once more to behold and possess my dear
' Leander.' So saying, she cast a significant look towards the mossy altar they had some time before raised to the power of Love : Leander perfectly well understood her meaning ; and felt his ardor renewed at sight of the spot, where he had lately paid so zealous a sacrifice to his tutelary God. When a lady is disposed to be religious, it is the business of the lover to be so likewise. Love received an oblation of thanks ; and then the pilgrims insensibly continued their route towards the grove, not knowing whether the road led them : But a divine power conducted their steps, and actuated their motions unknown to them.

Destiny himself was their guide, and after a fatiguing walk, brought them to the borders of a lake, which seemed to have its source from the sea, from which it was but a little distant. Though its form was irregular, the verdure and smoothness of its banks rendered it very delightful : The two lovers sat down to rest their wearied limbs on this grass couch, which seemed made for ease and soft repose.

They

They had not been long there before they beheld the Sea Gods leaving their watry beds, to divert themselves on the flowery carpet beneath the covert of the spreading beeches that lined this reservoir of water.

A tryton pursued a sea nymph, (doubtless the lovely object of his flame) with the greatest eagerness. The nayad, finding herself ready to be seized by her pursuer, threw herself off the bank into the flood, and eluded his grasp: he still continuing the chase, the lovely fugitive appeared again above the waves in another part of the lake, and was on the point of touching the opposite shore, when the sight of a satyr, who had hidden himself among the shrubs, in hopes of seizing her at her landing, made her plunge back again with more haste than before. A number of dolphins were bounding on the glassy surface, shewing their curved backs, and exhibiting a pleasing variety of the most beautiful colours; while gold and silver fish played about the margin, several of which flew awhile about Melissa's feet, and then returned again to their watry element, to moisten their little wings, and resume their flight. Melissa beheld all these things with a sensible pleasure, amused with the novelty of them; when a syren rising above the water, and discovering only those parts, which had the appearance of a beautiful
virgin

virgin, began to address her in the most enchanting accents.

‘ Why, most favoured of thy sex, why dost thou delay coming amongst us, to partake of the pleasures of our cool retreat, and share with us in the joys we here taste? Come, Melissa! this lake to whose happy borders Destiny has conducted thee, is possessed of virtues yet unknown to thee: Thou must necessarily be a favourite of the Gods, or thou wouldst never have been suffered to approach these blissful banks. How would the sex croud hither, were the road once known to them! Hast thou not heard of the fountain of youth, and oft wished to taste of its waters? Thou beholdest them now Melissa—Thou art now on their banks—Thou hast only to plunge thyself into them, and be again restored to thy teens, with all the blooming beauties that accompanied that age, why then delayest thou to follow me?’

Melissa, casting a look at Leander, seemed to ask him what she should do——The youthful Bonze well knew the syrens, and the deceitful charms they make use of to allure mankind to their destruction. ‘Take care,’ cried he, ‘be not deceived by the beauties you behold, or the tempting voice that charms your unguarded ears: how many mortals have repented of yielding to the pleasing calls of these enchantresses! It is a syren’s voice; hast thou
‘ not

' not heard, how of old they endeavoured
 ' to decoy the prudent Ulysses from his
 ' vessel and his friends, and would after-
 ' wards have buried him in the unfathom-
 ' able deep, had not the Goddess of Wis-
 ' dom watched over her chosen servant, and
 ' by her sacred inspiration, preserved him
 ' from their malign attempts ?'——But all
 the cautions of Leander, were fruitless.
 The syren had been sent by Destiny himself,
 who laughs at the vain precautions of short-
 sighted mortals, and delights to baffle their
 boasted prudence.

The companion of Leander, seduced by
 the charms of the heavenly voice she heard
 addressing her, and the blooming beauty
 which she beheld in her, and of which she
 was promised to be herself a partaker,
 thought of nothing but growing young a-
 gain, and used her powers of persuasion
 over the heart of Leander to so good a pur-
 pose, that he complied with her proposal,
 and gave himself into the snares of the
 deluding syren. A dolphin instantly pre-
 sented itself at the edge of the bank, and of-
 fered his broad back to Melissa to mount
 on ; who hesitated not a moment to comply
 with the invitation, and flinging herself with
 unparalleled bravery into the arms of the sy-
 ren, thought she left old age and all its in-
 firmities behind her on the shore.

Leander, inspired by the divinity that
 conducted

conducted the whole enterprize, imagined he was following a blooming virgin of fifteen, in the old Melissa, and mounts the dolphin's back, determined to follow her at all events.

They were instantly plunged to the bottom of the flood, and conveyed to the palace of Neptune, God of the ocean.

This Deity, who rules over the vast empire of waters, has his palace at the bottom of the sea, the walls of which are of coral, and the inner parts of mother of pearl, chrystal, and other precious stones. The floor is paved with a beautiful diversity of shells, whose variegated colours make the most charming appearance imagination can form.

This palace is moreover embellished with whatever the four quarters of the world produce, either of rare or precious. Those mortals, who, emboldened by luxury or avarice, traverse the vast ocean in search of treasures, less requisite to their happiness than what they already possess at home, are every day furnishing some tribute to Neptune. In vain they seek to appease him with vows and sacrifices; in vain they boast the protection of the divine Minerva or some other Deity, this protection serves to prolong their fate but a short time. Neptune is deaf to their cries, he unlooses the winds, shakes his dreadful trident, the waves arise, their

their tumult shakes the earth to its centre ; Pluto himself is struck with fear, and trembles for his dark empire. The cries and groans of the despairing mariners are heard in vain, all must yield to a divine power : the furious surges overwhelm them, and they sink into the deep, bearing with them as a tribute to Neptune, those riches which the Gods bestow on mankind, or take from them at pleasure.

Near to the palace of Neptune are several bowers, formed of a numberless variety of sea plants ; here the Demi-gods, tributaries to the sovereign of the seas, take their walks, and the God himself sometimes honours these retreats with his presence, when he is inclined to receive favourably the sacrifices offered to him by distressed mariners, and chains the winds within their caverns, to calm the surface of the boisterous deep.

Neptune was not in his palace when Leander arrived there : He was gone with Amphitryte into the northern seas, to decide a victory between two rival nations, who were preparing to stain his waters with the blood of each other for a dispute, wherein those two Gods interested themselves in an especial manner. Jupiter armed with more than human courage the people whom he protected ; but Neptune gave the victory to those whose cause he espoused by making the winds and waves favourable to them.

Thus

But now the arrival of the trytons, who always precede the chariot of the God, proclaimed his return. He was drawn by horses of a dun colour, with golden manes, fleetier than the winds themselves. The trytons founded their conchs before him. At this signal, the whole watry court assembled to attend their Deity. Neptune placed himself on his throne, with his lovely Amphitryte by his side: The God already knew that Destiny had sent two mortals into his kingdom, to claim audience of him: He ordered them to be brought into his presence: When they approached the foot of his throne, Leander addressed the watry God in the following terms.

‘ Great Deity! dread Neptune, brother
‘ of almighty Jove, whose thunder is not
‘ more formidable than thy trident, when
‘ incensed against impious mortals, thou
‘ seemest ready to swallow up the earth
‘ they inhabit; thou, who commandest the
‘ winds, and with a nod drivest them back
‘ to their caverns, in the height of all their
‘ fury. God of tempests and of calms,
‘ who at will givest happiness or misery to
‘ the adventurous mariner, you see at your
‘ feet a pair whom the God of Love him-
‘ self has united. Though Melissa may ap-
‘ pear to you as old as the walls of your
‘ sacred

' sacred palace, yet she burns with a bright
 ' flame for me, and I adore her with reci-
 ' procal ardor, nor fiercer was that your-
 ' self felt, for the lovely nymph Salacia.
 ' The God of soft desires, who has been so
 ' long forgotten amongst Gods and men,
 ' whom he has so often crowned with hap-
 ' piness, has chosen me to be the restorer of
 ' his worship in the universe, by means of
 ' this miracle ; and Destiny, by whose laws
 ' all things in nature are governed, has or-
 ' dered that Melissa and myself should de-
 ' scend into your watry empire, to make
 ' you a witness of our unparalleled flame,
 ' and thereby to prove that the God of
 ' Love is still as powerful as when he creat-
 ' ed the world from a spark of that fire, of
 ' which his essence is composed.' Here, Le-
 ander ceased, and Neptune returned him
 answer.

' Happiest of all mortals ; I have, myself,
 ' felt the darts of the God whom thou serv-
 ' est. But since he began to reign over
 ' the universe, never did his power shew
 ' itself by so signal a miracle, as that to
 ' which you now make me a witness. Thou
 ' mayest assure him, that all things shall
 ' quickly acknowledge his power, in this
 ' my watry empire : May he crown thee,
 ' his faithful votary, with all those favours
 ' thy exemplary zeal merits at his hands.'

' Now to allow of the old as the
 ' world

Though

Though the God of Love had kept himself concealed from all eyes, he was, nevertheless, constantly with Leander. He gave an additional force to his eloquence, and by his presence inspired him with that unspeakable tender emotion, which adds to the gentle passion in those who already love, and inspires others with a desire of experiencing it.

Amphitryte was the first who felt the soft inquietude, which the presence of Love inspires. She cast a look of emotion on a young tryton, who played divinely on the couch, and, from that instant, determined in her mind to give him that preference, which she had for a long time refused him, out of a regard to her own dignity. The tryton then, for the first time, saw himself honoured with a tender glance, which plainly told him, that the first favourable opportunity would be properly improved.

Neptune next began to feel the fires of Love revive in his bosom. He called to mind a lovely nymph whom he had seen in Circassia, and burnt with a fierce desire of possessing her, till when Liriope became the present object of a flame, too violent to be restrained within the narrow bounds of an expected enjoyment.

Old Ocean and the Goddess Thetis arrived at that instant to pay a visit to Neptune: They soon experienced the effects of the air

they breathed on their entrance into the palace. They became enamoured of each other, and presently nothing was to be seen but sea Gods, caressing each his nymph, melted into compliance by the soft contagion, that spread itself to all around.

The Nayads, who came on embassies to the court of Neptune from the tributary floods, returned with hearts inflamed, and no longer shunned the fauns that lay in wait for them. At their return, they communicated the genial fire to their own fountains; and these gave rise to the boiling waters, which have, in divers times and places since then, been known to bubble up from out of the earth.

In a word, every thing within the bounds of Neptune's empire, even to the very fishes, experienced the power of Love; and numberless shells clung in amorous clusters to the rocks from whence they are not to be separated, but by force or surprize.

Every thing now succeeded to thy wish, Oh, gentle God of soft desires! support of our being, and source of all our bliss; and how could Destiny refuse to favour thy designs, which aimed only at making the joy and happiness of human kind? Thou wilt force us to be blest, and the hour of our felicity is at hand! Hell itself has already acknowledged thy power; thy fires make the cold waters boil and bubble, nothing now remains

remains but to involve the heavens and the earth in the same lambent flame. These last triumphs will be as easy to thee as the former.

The same power who conveyed Leander and Melissa into Neptune's palace, now transported them to the Gnidian shore; this was the work but of an instant, and the two lovers arrived at the destined spot, without having felt the least fatigue from so long a voyage.

The Asiatic dress, which was that worn by the inhabitants of this island, soon gave Melissa to understand, that she was now in a country far distant from her own. This gave her the greatest uneasiness, and she could not forbear grieving at the deceit put on her by the syren.

'And is it thus, cruel Love,' cried she, 'that thou hast seduced us by thy flattering promises? For it was thou who spakest to me by the voice of the syren. Ah, barbarous Deity, thus to deceive her, who made thee the sole object of her desires, in wishing to regain my virgin state, and all the bloom of youth, that I might appear worthy thee, and serve thee with greater success; I asked for a new life but to devote it to thee.' Leander, who had feasted in the voluptuous imagination of seeing his Melissa in all the bloom of fifteen, could not forbear reproaching the syren in his heart

heart, as much as Melissa had done. Both the lovers remained in a discontented silence, ruminating on what had befall them ; when Love, moved at their sufferings, discovered himself to them, and addressed them thus.

‘ Courage, my brave votary,’ said he, speaking to Leander, ‘ the hour is at hand
 ‘ when thou shalt receive the reward of thy
 ‘ zealous services, and it shall be such an
 ‘ one, as befits the God to bestow, whom
 ‘ thou servest. And you Melissa, murmur
 ‘ not against me ; you shall speedily know
 ‘ that I have the power of making mortals
 ‘ truly blest, and that they can expect no
 ‘ happiness from any others. Although
 ‘ Destiny does not permit them to see what
 ‘ happiness or misery is marked down for
 ‘ them, in the registers of futurity.

‘ Place your confidence in me, ye favour-
 ‘ ed pair. You are here in a privileged
 ‘ land, a land where my mother has a tem-
 ‘ ple : Here you shall remain, concealed
 ‘ by a cloud from the prying eyes of all
 ‘ strangers, and I will never forget you.’

Love disappeared, after speaking these words, and left the two lovers full of joyful hope, and impatient for his return.



C A N T O VIII.

WHILE Love was working all these miracles, Melissa's elopement made a great noise in her own country. She was sought for every where in vain; enquiry was likewise made after Leander, but to as little purpose; at length, by comparing time and circumstances, it remained out of all doubt that they were gone off together.

Fame, with her hundred tongues, soon spread the news of this miracle through the universe, with every circumstance that could render it more surprising. It is certainly Love, said some, who has joined this pair. They burn with a mutual flame, and the God, who has already favoured their flight, will doubtless continue to protect them, and give them to taste that happiness, which we at present only know by name, and from the delightful descriptions left us of it by our ancestors. But is it possible? What! the superannuated Melissa, and the lovely Leander bound by vows never to be broken; — What a prodigy! — — — How great must be the power of Love, that

power we have so long neglected ! See ! he has warmed even the frozen Melissa, and lavishes on her the choicest favours.— And shall we, in the bloom of youth and season for pleasure ; we, who still continue to be the favourites of the Graces, and whom the Smiles and Young Desires are continually inviting to taste the joys of Love, render the power of Beauty useless ? Shall we suffer our hearts to remain void and insensible, and languish out life in a sluggish inactivity ! — What joys, what blessings, might we not expect from the soft Deity, in this our spring of life, when he deigns to employ his shafts on Melissa, tho' in the dead winter of her years ?

Let us love then, let us sacrifice to a Deity, who has given such a proof of his power ! Yes, let us love, and endeavour to atone, if possible, for our former neglect. We have ceased to live all the time we have been without loving : Let us love then, with a thousand times more ardor than ever, and thus add, if possible, to the days we have lost.

Such were the effects produced throughout the whole universe, by the miracle which Love had wrought in the hearts of Leander and Melissa. The temples of his mother Venus now became so crowded with votaries, that they were not large enough to contain the numbers that came from all parts

parts to offer up their supplications to the lovely Queen of Cytherea. There was no distinction of age, sex, or nation. The example of Melissa encouraged the most decrepid matrons, who were now seen tottering at the altars, and muttering out their zealous resolves, to devote themselves to whatever service Love should think proper to employ them in

I went with the rest to the temple of Venus, to beseech the Goddess to put an end to my sufferings, or my life. The path was so crouded, that I found it impracticable to enter, but resolved that that day should either be the first of my happiness, or the last of my existence ; I entered the sacred grove, till I could find an opportunity of offering my supplications to the Goddess. — But, good heavens ! what became of me, when I beheld Aminta, the dear Aminta ! for whom alone I thought life worth the cherishing, and whose cruelty had now made it hateful to me ? She blushed at seeing me, and I remained fixed in motionless surprize, not daring to approach her : She looked at me and blushed again, I even thought I saw some signs of tenderness in her eyes. I was fearful of deceiving myself, but Love inspired me with the thought of trying the fair mistress of my Destiny. I turned off into a bye-path, seemingly, with an intention to avoid her, but

soon returned again in spite of myself ——
 I saw the tears fall from her lovely eyes——
 ‘ What do I see,’ cried I, in a transport of
 joy, ‘ can Aminta relent? Will she yet be
 ‘ kind, and, with her love, repay the long,
 ‘ long train of sorrows I have felt for her
 ‘ sake? Ah, lovely child, thou toldest me
 ‘ I should be at length happy.’ Here I was
 obliged to lean myself against a tree, to re-
 cruit my exhausted spirits, excess of plea-
 sure sometimes deprives us of all sense. But
 we soon find what we have lost, in the very
 source of our confusion.——I found myself
 restored to new life, by the thought that I
 was beloved by Aminta——I flew to her
 ——And clasping the lovely maid to my
 panting bosom. ‘ Dearest Aminta,’ said I,
 ‘ was it only to make my happiness more
 ‘ complete, that you made me suffer so
 ‘ much uneasiness?’

‘ Ah! load me not with reproaches,’ an-
 swered the beauteous mourner, while the
 tears were falling fast from her eyes; ‘ up-
 ‘ braid me as thou wilt, my dearest Iphis,
 ‘ but promise to love me when I have been
 ‘ sufficiently punished, and that the great-
 ‘ ness of my sufferings has expiated my
 ‘ fault.

‘ Alas! replied I, can my Aminta think
 ‘ that I will lose an instant of that happiness
 ‘ I have so long sighed for in vain? Can I
 ‘ recollect passed things, when all my senses
 ‘ are

are hardly sufficient to take in the present flood of happiness, in seeing thee now as thou art?—I came hither to request death at the hands of the divine mistress of the shades, and thou promisest me a life of unspeakable felicity.

‘I too came hither,’ said Aminta, ‘to supplicate the Goddess, that she would make thee forget my former rigours, and preserve me from the misery of seeing thee in the arms of another.’

‘Ah dearest Aminta,’ I replied, I ‘will live and die in thine alone.’—So saying, I flung myself into her arms; she received me with all the speechless eloquence of melting love. At length, ‘Iphis,’ said she, in a voice half lost in extasy, ‘my dearest Iphis, thy Aminta will now make thee the happiest of lovers.’—‘My life! my soul! my ever loved Aminta! I defy all the powers of nature to fill my heart with a more ardent flame, than that which thou hast inspired.’

After having tasted of joys, which I should have believed above the reach of humanity, had I not experienced them myself; we quitted the grove and repaired to the temple, not to desire the Goddess to put an end to our lives, but to beseech her to prolong our days, and bless them with an uninterrupted succession of the present happiness.

During

During this, Mercury, who had been sent on some message from Jupiter to mankind, beheld with astonishment the sudden change wrought in the earth. In the course of his conversation with mortals, he was informed by them of the happiness they enjoyed, since they had once more become true worshippers of the God of Love.

The messenger of the Gods, immediately took his Caduceus, and striking the earth with one foot, he sprung up directly to Olympus, to give an account to Jupiter of so sudden and miraculous a change in the face of things below.

‘Dread fire,’ said he, ‘I am come to acquaint you with what I have been witness to on earth: Mankind are no longer engaged in any other business than that of loving; the young virgin employs all her time in studying the pleasing arts to set off her beauties to the most advantage, in the eyes of her lover whom she wishes to make happy. The youthful lover, knows no other contest with his rivals than that of surpassing them in tender assiduity and passionate love. I have seen some languishing in soft desires, and others revelling in the fullest happiness. But Love is the moving principle of all their actions. The pleasures, sports, and young desires have now taken up their residence amongst men. Nor has love confined
his

' his triumphs to mortals only, but has re-
 ' duced even the Gods themselves to his
 ' obedience. His power is confest through-
 ' out the vast empires of Pluto and Nep-
 ' tune : his mother's temples are now more
 ' thronged than your's ; and I have heard
 ' mortals declare, in the excess of their
 ' happiness, that they envied not the Gods
 ' themselves, but thought they surpassed
 ' even the almighty Thunderer, in joy and
 ' felicity.'

The fire of the Gods, enraged at this ac-
 count given him by Mercury, brandished
 the bolt he held in his hand, and filled all
 Olympus with dread ; they thought he was
 going to crush the whole race of men, as he
 heretofore had done the presumptuous Ti-
 tans. All the heavenly assembly observed
 a respectful silence : Juno herself dared not
 venture to say any thing to appease his
 wrath ; but Ganymede, who thought he
 might be indulged in any liberty, presented
 himself before the God, and offered him
 Ambrosia. Jupiter, incensed at his pre-
 sumption, took him by the head, and flung
 him out of Olympus upon Mount Ida,
 from whence he had taken him. After such
 an act as this, nothing less was expected,
 than that he would annihilate the whole
 earth : but his anger subsiding by degrees,
 was at length converted into jealousy. He
 could

could not bear to think, that men should be happier than himself.

He had for some time past regretted his once loved Hebe. He felt his passion for her return more lively than ever ; and, laying his thunder-bolt down by his side, he ascended to the summit of Mount Olympus, whither he commanded Mercury to follow him. When they were alone together, the thunderer thus addressed the nimble footed son of Maia.

‘ My son, I have for some time felt my
 ‘ soul warmed with the remembrance of
 ‘ the lovely Hebe. I regret her loss ; but
 ‘ am resolved not to restore her to her place
 ‘ again, after having once publicly disgraced her. Thou hast seen me cast Gany-
 ‘ nymede out of heaven, whose insolence
 ‘ was become insupportable to me. I want
 ‘ an object to fill up the vacancy in my
 ‘ heart. Descend to earth, and find me
 ‘ out one among the daughters of men, capable of rendering me happy. I cannot
 ‘ bear that men should taste greater happiness than myself : do something to make
 ‘ them envy my felicity. Depart, my
 ‘ son ; nor return to my presence, till thou
 ‘ hast fulfilled my commands.’

Mercury instantly set out on his expedition ; and Jupiter, now grown calm, descended amidst the synod of the Gods, whom
 he

he had left anxious to know what he had been projecting.

Mercury knew that Circaſſia produced the fineſt women in the univerſe : he therefore alighted in that country, in hopes of meeting with what the fire of the Gods required. The inhabitants were that day buſied in celebrating games to the honour of the Sun : the women had brought their daughters thither, decked in every ornament that was moſt capable of ſetting off their natural charms.

The celeftial meſſenger pitched upon one from among all the reſt, who was indeed of a moſt aſtoniſhing beauty. He at firſt had thoughts of abiding by this diſcovery, and transporting her with him to Olympus ; but, upon maturer thoughts, he determined to continue his ſearch elſewhere, in hopes of being able to fulfil his commiſſion ſtill more to the ſatisfaction of his great maſter.

With this view he proceeded to Cyprus, where he found a nymph, whoſe charms, in his opinion, exceeded the other's. ' I am glad, ſaid he to himſelf, that I did not abide by the firſt : this is a good hint for me to proceed ſtill farther.'

He then went to Gnidos, from thence he traversed all Egypt, Lydia, ſtopt at Aulis and at Babylon, and left no one place unſearched, where Nature was known to perform

form her master-pieces ; till at length he met with a beauty that effaced the remembrance of every one he had beheld in the course of his expedition. Destiny had permitted Mercury to take so large a circuit, and to visit so many nations, only that he might preserve the preference for the land which gave birth to the fair mortal, whom he had destined for the embraces of Jupiter.

After having gone over most of the nations of the earth, the son of Maia at length arrived in the country washed by the waters of the Seine, a land which has been long the favourite habitation of the Graces.

Numberless were the beauties which there met his sight ; but no one seemed equal to those whom he had already passed by. Ye Gods, what a risk did I run ! had the God cast his eyes on Aminta, he must have fixed his choice there, and I had been undone. I tremble even at the thought. But Love, who favoured me, hid her from the search of the celestial envoy, and, in preserving Aminta to me, saved my life, that otherwise must have been worn out in all the anguish and despair of unfortunate love.

Mercury beheld the nymph *Ægle* : it was her whom Destiny had reserved for Jupiter.

He was struck with her at first sight, and found

found himself stopt short by an invisible power. He had seen more regular beauties in the course of his researches; but never till then had he met with one, who had appeared to have so sovereign a talent for pleasing. A gift which the Gods prefer infinitely above beauty.

The blooming Ægle seemed a sister of the Graces: the God accosted her, and was struck with her wit and the matchless sweetness of her voice. ‘ Here, then, said he, here, I have at length found the only mortal capable of giving happiness to the Gods themselves.’ He instantly raised her from the earth, and transported her quick as thought to the top of Olympus.

Ægle had only to appear, and gain the heart of Jove. The rest of the Gods found her an object worthy of pleasing their sovereign; and Juno herself could not forbear acknowledging her lovely.

By thus subduing the master of the universe, the charming Ægle fixed the glory and power of the God of Love. His mother’s temples were now all of them thronged with worshippers, while her echoes wanted voices to repeat the amorous complaining and bashful murmurs of the faithful votaries that filled her sacred groves. All the universe loved.—

Love, now fully satisfied, winged his flight to his divine mother. ‘ Triumph, cried

‘ cried he, Queen of all hearts, beauteous
 ‘ goddess of Cytherea, now exult : let me
 ‘ have shafts prepared without number : I
 ‘ shall not have sufficient else to transfix
 ‘ the bosoms of those who press hither to
 ‘ offer themselves to my bow.’

Venus, delighted to see the universe once
 more subjected to her soft dominion, sent
 her cestus to Ægle, by one of the graces ;
 and her charming son, to reward Leander
 for what he had done for his glory, restored
 Melissa to her youth ; and then fixed both
 the lovers in Paphos, where he daily lavish-
 es on them a fresh succession of the most
 exquisite pleasures.—But, can perfect plea-
 sure exist otherwise than in the possession
 of Aminta ?

4 AP 64

THE END.



I P H I S
AND
AMARANTA:
OR,
Cupid's Revenge.



THE

LIBRARY



OF THE

Cupid's Revenge

BY



Iphis and Amaranta, &c.



WHAT a fatality attends loving! said Iphis one day to his friend Timantes: of all the passions that torment the heart of man, this is the most violent; and the only one that we can support without the assistance of hope.

The sailor would never tempt the dangerous main, but for the hopes of acquiring riches: the gamester runs the hazard of losing his all, only in hopes of winning: the miser would not deny himself the blessings and even necessities of life, but in the hopes of adding to his treasure; and the ambitious man lives but in the hopes of rising one day to distinguished honours. Love is the only passion that can exist, though bereft of hope.

I am for ever separated from Amaranta; I know that I shall never see her more; and yet I shall continue to love her with unabated

ed ardour. Could I but think that I was beloved in return, that she suffered from my absence the thousandth part of that uneasiness hers gives me, it would be some consolation to me amidst my sufferings; for what is too much to suffer for a mistress, who gives a proof of her constancy? but, alas! I am far from tasting this sweet alleviation to my griefs. I am continually tormented by the most cruel jealousy: I think of nothing but her infidelity. At night, my dreams represent her in the arms of my rival, adorned with some new charms, to make my anguish the deeper. Returning day, that dissipates or softens the sufferings of the night in others, brings no relief to mine. She is always present to me: the beautiful Amaranta, faithless and beloved; perhaps, I say to myself, perhaps she has already given me for another.— Perhaps she may be of a coquetish disposition, and is amusing herself with a train of different lovers, while I am wasting in all the torments of disappointed fondness. The faithless maid may, at this instant, be tasting the most transporting pleasures with my too happy rival, while I pass the tedious day in regretting those which I have formerly tasted with her.— She was, perhaps, singing him some little amorous catch that day, when, shunning all society, I buried myself in the deepest solitude, to be at more liberty

to

to think of her, and employed the melancholy moments in making the following verses in her praise :

Ye rocks, whose fearful summits rise,
In proud defiance to the skies ;
Within whose steep and craggy cells,
Each bird of evil omen dwells ;
Around whose desert confines lours
Eternal winter, clad in show'rs
Of misty rains, and drifting snows,
Or chilling frosts more keen than those :
Ye, who ne'er acquaintance hold
With chearing Phœbus' beamy gold ;
But shrouded in impervious night,
Exclude the wholesome rays of light.
Where everlasting silence reigns,
Save when the owl his uncouth strains
Screams hideous o'er your dusky plains ;
Or in hoarse cadence from the steeps
Of some high craig, a torrent sweeps ;
Whose dreadful bellowing stuns the ear,
And fills th'astonish'd soul with fear.

Detested spot ! whom all would shun ;
To more than half the world unknown ;
Whose night-involved caverns shew
More horrible than those below,
Where Pluto, griesly tyrant reigns
Midst racks, and whips, and galling chains.

For

For me, for me, you would have charms,
 Could I in blest tranquility,
 Free from all noise and rude alarms,
 With lovely Amaranta in my arms,
 Within your friendly coverts shrouded be.

Then should you see me altars raise
 To that dear name; [blaze,
 And glad your barren steeps with chearing
 And tip your dusky tops with silver flame:
 There sit and laugh at giddy Fortune's
 [pow'r,
 Whom greedy Fools with prostrate zeal
 [adore.

Thus was I wont to pass my days in meditating on my hopeless passion. My very sufferings were dear to me. I indulged myself in all the luxury of grief. We never think of a remedy to a disorder that is dear to us; therefore I suffered myself to languish in the midst of my disquietude, without once making the least effort to dissipate it. 4 AP 64

The Gods are not always agreed on the destiny of mortals; there is commonly some one who protects them in an especial manner. Bacchus was the Deity who had pity on me. He appeared to me in a dream: Methought I beheld him just entering his temple: he was in his car drawn by tigers: in one hand he held a goblet, and in

in the other a thyrsus. His brows were bound with a wreath of vine-leaves and ivy in form of a diadem.

He was followed by old Silenus, staggering with the fumes of wine; his head sunk on his breast, and his face besmeared with the juice of sloes, with which the wanton Ægle diverts herself in daubing him. The old debauchee, reeling to and fro on his ass, sang a catch, of which I have been able to remember only the four following verses, which made the burden of it:

If 'tis Cupid who causes our care,
 Then who in his senses would love?
 If Bacchus can cure our despair,
 Who that's wise from the cask would re-
 move?

Silenus was surrounded by Bacchanals of both sexes, who in a chorus repeated this burthen after him, dancing and throwing their bodies into all the different attitudes that the most luxurious wantonness could inspire.

Scarce had I entered the temple of Bacchus, when I felt myself another person. Amaranta appeared to me now only as an ungrateful creature, and Love a lawless tyrant. I mixed with the troop of Bacchanals; I danced, I sung, and joined with them in repeating the burthen of old Sile-

nus's song. A goat was sacrificed to the God of Wine: I assisted in pouring a libation of wine out of larger goblets at the foot of the altar: I seized a thyrsus and began to dance anew, till at length I awoke, fatigued with the exercise I had taken in my sleep, but with an heart totally changed.

I arose and went to find out some of my friends, who often solicited me in vain to join with them in the joys of the glass, which they maintained to be superior to all others. I related my dream to them, and they were charmed to find me cured of my disorder. 'Let us not lose time,' said one of them to me; 'let us place ourselves at the table; there joy and festivity await us, and will give an additional flavour to the wine.' We sat down; they made me repeat to them my dream: they were never weary of hearing it. 'Blest mortal,' said they, 'who hast been permitted to enter the sanctuary of Bacchus, thou art certainly the favourite of the God whom we serve.'

One of the guests, already as drunk as old Silenus, proposed, in the height of his enthusiasm, to sacrifice a dove to me, by way of an insult upon the God of Love; but some one, more pious than the rest, opposed him. We sang the burthen of Silenus's song, and strove with each other who should

should be foremost in the round of mirth and noise.

I was very well satisfied with this first essay, and grew more and more displeased with Love; to whom I addressed the following verses, standing up with a glass in my hand:

Insidious God of soft desires!
Cruel source of hopeless fires;
Pleas'd to see the lovers anguish,
Laughing most, when most we languish;
Now thy boasted reign is o'er,
Drinking souls deride thy pow'r.

Hence arch-traitor! hence and leave me,
Think no longer to enslave me!
By the pow'r of wine I swear;
Ne'er more to know love or care;
But henceforth will pass my days
In mirth, and joy, and roundelays.

One of the guests happened to be a musician, he immediately made a tune to the four last verses, which formed a chorus that we all repeated with the highest delight, during the whole time we sat at table.

I thought I had atchieved wonders, in venturing thus to insult the God of Love. I was in hopes he would be so incensed at it as to leave me for ever, and not so

much as deign to receive my homage for the future. On this supposition I planned fond schemes of everlasting tranquillity, and from that moment devoted all my powers to the service of the rosy God.

We now began to celebrate new orgies. Mirth still accompanied us while we once more placed ourselves at table: where we quaffed pleasure and wine out of high-crowned goblets. 'The joys of the bottle,' said my companions, 'are joys that will last for ever, they are always within our reach, they are liable to no pause of satiety, and are never accompanied with sighs or repentance, ——— Friendship and festivity are the drinkers delights. ——— But it belongs to you, said one of them, addressing himself to me, who are become a convert, to make us an hymn in honour of our master Bacchus.' I tried how far my zeal would supply the deficiency of my talents, and composed the following verse, giving them in a bumper to my fellow votaries.

Now

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Now freed from the wearisome bondage
of Love,

A vot'ry to Bacchus I live ;

Tho' Chloris inviting, or cruel should
prove,

To me no concern it would give :

For what has a drinker with loving to do,
(Tyrant Cupid you know I'm deliver'd
from you.)

In a round of delights I'm determin'd to
pass,

A life spent in sorrow before ;

And each hour to offer a full flowing
glass,

To the God I at present adore :

To a soul that like mine has been tortur'd
with love,

Blest Bacchus ! how welcome thy jubilees
prove.

Indifferent as these verses were, I prided
myself not a little in my performance, and
secretly applauded my own courage in thus
braving the power of Love and striking at
him in his tenderest part. I repeated them
over and over again as my last effort against
the attacks that perfidious Deity had made
on my liberty. I was surpris'd at the
change I experienced in my heart, and
felicitated myself on having had sufficient
strength and resolution to throw off the

chains that I had hugged for so long a time.

Nevertheless I kept a strict guard upon myself, and was constantly upon the watch against the artifices of the enemy. I was alone as seldom as possible, and spun out the pleasures of the table to their greatest extent. I never before had passed my time so happily.

It was now near a month that I had never once thought about love: I imagined myself perfectly cured, and began to be less upon my guard than at first. I was no longer afraid of indulging recollection, the remembrance of past times no more affected me. I looked on them as things of no consequence. But now they returned stronger and stronger, till at length they took possession of me, whether I would or not: I began to be thoughtful at times. Amaranta appeared more charming than ever, and I soon had the vexation to find, that I could not think, without regret on the pleasure I had once taken in beholding her. I lost my accustomed gaiety, and felt myself like one who is about to be attacked by some violent disease. At first, I looked upon my disorder but as a slight indisposition: I told my friends that I found myself in need of a precautionary dose, meaning a debauch. They came very heartily into my proposal. We made as
complete

complete a one as we possibly could----I thought I found myself considerably relieved by it. But this momentary relief only served to make me more vain of my strength, and hastened my ruin.

One day we spent the time in walking in a thick wood, whose delightful gloom, and pleasing wildness, filled the soul with a melancholy joy that there is no expressing.

My friends had lost sight of me. I had lost myself; and imperceptibly wandered into the thickest part of the wood, guided by my natural propensity to solitude and retirement.

I got into a path, where the trees on each side interweaving their branches, formed a leafy arch of a prodigious height. I went on ruminating I knew not what, it was not however on love, though it was that Deity who then directed my steps.

On a sudden I found myself, without knowing where I was, on the bank of a little rivulet, which rolled its peaceful waters over a golden sand, and glided smoothly on in gentle murmurs. Its banks were adorned with tender moss and springing flowers.

Could I have seen this brook before I came to it, I should have been upon my guard against its fatal consequences, and saved myself by a timely flight: but I was

surprized, and as it were compelled, in spite of myself, to sit down on its margin.

Here it was that Love lay in wait to punish me for my rebellion.

He began by renewing in my mind the remembrance of the pleasures I had so often tasted by the side of this rivulet, and beneath the embowering shade of the neighbouring wood. I recollected how my tender heart had often beat in concert to the murmurs of the stream, whilst my ravished senses lay wrapt in that inebriating joy which can only be felt but not expressed.-----These thoughts threw me into a slumber.

A dream had broken my chains ; a dream now cast me back into a slavery from whence I was never again to be released.

I dreamt I was at Amaranta's, in that charming place where I first triumphed over a reserve that had so long been the object of my despair, and that had cost even Love himself the greatest pains to overcome.

Methought I found her alone, her head resting carelessly upon one hand : grief was painted in lively colours on her beauteous face, she wept, and her sorrow made her look more enchanting than Venus, when she wept for the death of her dear Adonis.

Amaranta was in the most bewitching undress. She could not be less drest, if drest at all.

I approached

I approached the beauteous mistress of my heart, fearful and trembling. She seemed to shudder at the sight of me, and would have fled away, but I prevented her.

I took notice of the confusion she was in, while endeavouring to repair the disorder of her dress; but there was too much to be done, before she could prevent my feasting my eyes on the beauties she would have concealed. Yet though I was happy in one way, she prevented my being so in another. 'What, said I, my dear Amaranta, do you fly me?—Alas! I had but too much reason to believe you faithless!—Sure I am the most wretched of all lovers!'

Ungrateful man, replied she, her eyes sparkling with anger, and in a tone of voice that chilled my inmost soul, it well becomes you to upbraid me thus, while thy perfidy costs me so many tears—This spot, this conscious spot may reproach thee with thy baseness.—Here it was you first triumphed over a virtue, which cost me more to defend against thee, than thy impatience to conquer it did to thyself.—Here I first lost myself to become wholly thine, and give myself up to thee without reserve.—This place is witness to the oaths you made of loving me for ever.—I first gave thee mine, in that soft moment, when the pleasure of being able to make thee happy, made me a thousand times more so than thyself.

Could

Could I then believe that thou wouldst one day repay this ardor by sacrificing me to brutal bacchanals? — Go, ungrateful wretch, return to the temple of their master and thine.—Become the confident of old Silenus, and, when intoxicated with the fumes of wine, like him seize a Thyrsus, and mix in the antick and licentious dances of his mad followers.—Ah! why had not these been the first objects of thy love!—Thou wert never deserving of an heart like mine.

After speaking these words she would have left me; but I forced her to sit down again, and placed myself at her feet. ‘O ever loved Amaranta,’ said I, ‘I thought you faithless, and I sought for means to cure myself of an hopeless passion—The grief of having lost you was the only cause of my inordinate conduct. — Is it just that you should reproach me with what was the effect of despair?—The Gods themselves are not offended with the actions of those, who are deprived of their reason.—Behold me returned more fond, more passionate than ever, my repentance is an addition to my love.—Let this blest place, which was once the witness to my happiness, now witness the pardon you grant me.’—The eyes of my lovely Amaranta plainly told me, that she was desirous I should do something to deserve it.

it.—I did so, and obtained it. But alas! it was too precious a gift to strive to merit it but once. I strove again and again, and had it as often renewed.

‘Dearest Amaranta,’ said I, ‘my fault has been too great to deserve to be thus easily forgiven; and yet what will become of me if you pardon me but by halves? I am resolved to merit it altogether.—You see my contrition is still the same.’—In fine, I obtained my pardon the third time, and should doubtless have asked it again had I not awoke.

But good heavens, what a condition was I in, when I found myself on the banks of the rivulet, more wearied with my dream than I should have been in reality! I soon saw it was a trick of the wily God’s, whose yoke I had so lately cast off, or at least had endeavoured to cast off. I now felt him reign more powerful than ever in my heart. Already he began to play the tyrant. He was resolved to be revenged, and filled my soul with jealousy, the most cruel of all other ills.

I thought I saw nothing in what had just happened to me, but a wandering of the senses, which in no wise cured me of my suspicion of Amaranta’s infidelity.—I was resolved to fly a place that had been so fatal to me; but Love, who has always some delusion ready at hand, made use of one, upon this occasion, to stop my flight. He

He placed the image of Amaranta before me; she appeared lovelier far than the mother of the graces: wheresoever I turned she always met my sight; I even fancied she held me by the hand. I was no longer the master of myself, but sat motionless on the river side, lost and bewildered in this delusion of my senses. At length Love exerted his power so far, that I felt myself burn with a more violent passion than ever; I was jealous; I was distracted: I even made the following verses, which end by a total renunciation of Bacchus, and his worship; and a resolution to enter again into the service of the lovely Amaranta.

R E C I T A T I V O.

Soft murmuring brook! to thy fair banks I
 come,
 To mourn and meditate my wretched
 doom:
 Since lonely contemplation's sad repose,
 Alone can calm my griefs, or sooth my
 woes.

A I R.

Cruel fate for my affliction,
 Now divides me from my fair;
 Fills my breast with deep dejection;
 Racks my heart with wild despair.
 What-

Whatsoe'er her inclination,
Whether true or false to me;
Still I feel to my vexation,
I a slave to her must be.

A I R,

Not thus felt my breast when in love's gentle bands

Our hearts were united, enfolded our hands;

When our days undisturb'd still roll'd on in their spring,

And foresaw not the anguish that absence might bring.

When our contest was only which of us should feel

The tend'rest sensations of amorous zeal:

When our lips wanted language our flames to disclose,

Yet our eyes furnish'd glances more speaking than those.

When if mov'd by caprice, or incited by love,

I feign'd some slight quarrel her passion to prove;

Her languishing sighs and her pearl-dropping tears,

Soon, clearing her innocence, banish'd my fears.

When

When confounding those sighs, and those
fears with my own,

What joys have I tasted, what raptures
have known!

When delight sprang from doubt, where
most worth I could trace,

In her sweetness of temper, or charms of
her face.

RECITATIVO.

Alas ! deluding image of my joy,
Why hast thou fled ? why still persist'st to
fly ?

Why in thy place dost lodge heart-breaking
care ;

The forms of hopeless love and black de-
spair ?

Alc. R.

Come then, jolly Bacchus, assist me to ba-
nish,

The pains and the follies of love from
my heart ;

Before thy bright nectar in *fumo* shall va-
nish

The pangs of fond passion and jealousy's
smart.

Thou

Thou gay God of drinking thy blessings
 unfold here,
 And forgetting this vain insignificant
 lass,
 Like Silenus, alone I'll delight to grow
 older,
 Midst the cluck of the bottle and clink
 of the glass.

A I R.

But soft!--what rapt'rous dream of bliss!
 Extatic joy! transporting charms!
 'Tis she!--she smiles!--presents the kiss!
 And reaches forth her snowy arms!
 Bacchus avaunt!--I call'd not thee;---
 These are the sweets I still prefer:
 Thy nectar equals not with me
 One smile, one single look from her.

After I had made these verses love permitted me to rise. I had now paid him the full tribute of homage he required of me. He was certain that wheresoever I went, I should for the future be as much his slave as formerly, since the image of my lovely Amaranta would always accompany me. I cast a thousand impatient looks around me in hopes of beholding Amaranta again before I left the place. But the charm was broken, and I never saw her more.

I re-

I returned home, melancholy, thoughtful, and with my heart full of the image of Amaranta, which has not yet left it; Love having ever since made me pay by a rigorous captivity for the attempts I had made to recover my liberty.

Ah! cruel Deity, why dost thou not lull every unhappy lover in the arms of sleep, as thou didst me; and give them to taste the imaginary joys of a deceitful dream, joys which they must never expect to possess in reality.

4 AP 64

: THE END.

